

Send Your Photograph for a "Daily Mirror" Miniature.

1/2d.

Daily Mirror

The
"DAILY MIRROR"
and the
MINIATURE
CRAZE.

(See Page 16.)

No. 295.

Registered at the G. P. O.
as a Newspaper.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1904.

One Halfpenny.

THE PRINCE'S HOSTESS.

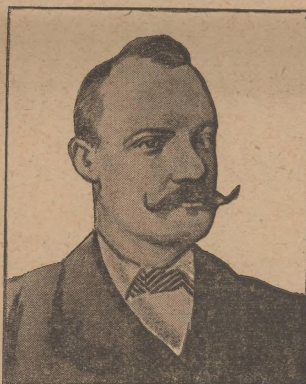
Lady Savile, who is entertaining the Prince of Wales at Rufford Abbey this week for the Newmarket races. Lady Savile is one of the most popular ladies in English society, and has on several previous occasions been the hostess of Royalty.—(H. Walter Barnett.)

WHERE THE KING IS STAYING.

The Jockey Club Rooms at Newmarket, where the King is staying for the races. Grafton House, Newmarket, which was recently purchased as a royal residence, is being entirely renovated, and will not be ready for occupation for some time yet.

ITALIAN SOCIETY MURDER.

The two leading figures in the Italian society murder trial. The Countess Theodolinda Bonmartini, the young Italian noblewoman, who is now standing her trial at Turin, charged with the murder of her husband, and—



—Professor Carlo Secchi, Countess Bonmartini's lover, who is charged as an accomplice in the crime.

A NORTHAMPTON BEAUTY.

Miss Marguerite Byrne, who was adjudged by the local tradesmen the winner of the beauty competition at the Palace Theatre, Northampton.—(Powell.)

REPORTED RESIGNATION OF LORD MILNER.

It is reported that the office of High Commissioner for South Africa is likely to become vacant in the near future through the resignation of Lord Milner, who is seen in the centre of the above picture raising his hat. Sir Edward Ward, Permanent Under-Secretary of State for War, is mentioned as a favourite candidate to succeed Lord Milner.

HOME-COMING OF WOUNDED JAPANESE.

Welcoming back Japanese wounded soldiers in the streets of Tokio. They are seen above being conveyed to their destination in rickshaws. The Japanese police had evidently some difficulty in keeping back the crowds along the line of route.—(Photograph by Rogers.)

MARKETING BY POST.

Other Small Advertisements on pages 15 and 16.

BIG BATTLE RAGING.

Furious Fight Around the Yentai Mines.

WHERE ARE THE COSSACKS?

It is now certain that a great battle is being fought around the positions occupied by the Japanese about five miles north of the Yentai mines.

No official news has yet been received of the battle, but up to the present both sides claim they have gained an advantage.

The artillery duel began on Sunday and continued without intermission ever since. Under cover of this fusillade there has been furious fighting, the result of which has still to be determined.

The Russians claim to have driven the Japanese back upon the mines, and are said to have received further substantial reinforcements. They declare they will not return to Mukden until they go back as conquerors.

For the Japanese it is claimed that they have cut off a Russian brigade, with 2,000 cavalry and two guns. In St. Petersburg the greatest apprehension exists for General Marchenko and his Cossacks, of whom nothing has been heard for two days.

A Tokio telegram reports that the news of the Russian advance is welcomed everywhere in Japan. Such a step, it is believed, can only be the prelude to an important Japanese victory.

RUSSIAN GENERAL WOUNDED.

Cautious Advance of the Russians Upon Yentai.

St. Petersburg, Wednesday.—General Sahharoff, telegraphing yesterday evening, reports desperate fighting to the north of Yentai. The heights were alternately held by the Russians and Japanese. General Daniloff was wounded in the leg, but did not relinquish his command.

General Daniloff succeeded Generals Trussoff and Romanoff in the command of the 6th Siberian Chasseurs.

It is stated at the General Staff that the Russians are advancing with the utmost caution, constructing strong defences at each successive stage of their march.

The latest advices show that the battle continues to-day.—Reuter.

GENERAL ENGAGEMENT.

Japanese Menace the Russian Right and Rear.

Official dispatches are to hand from Marshal Oyama, in which he says the enemy at one point cut the Japanese communications, which, however, were subsequently restored.

The Japanese at Penash retained all their positions, after twelve hours' fighting, with the enemy superior in number.

Engagements are taking place all along the front. On the 11th inst. the Japanese centre and left fought till dark, the left army menacing the Russian right and rear.

From Tokio it is stated: "The Japanese are gaining ground."

"The battle near Yentai lasted two days, and the result is still undecided. It is believed the Japanese have checked the Russian turning movement."

JAPANESE HONESTY.

Property of Russian Dead Forwarded to St. Petersburg.

A St. Petersburg message furnishes a telling contradiction of statements made to the effect that the Japanese despoil their dead and wounded enemies.

The General Staff now regularly receives through the intermediary of the French Embassy in St. Petersburg large numbers of carefully-fastened packets, which are forwarded by the Japanese military authorities.

They contain objects of value of all kinds, such as jewels, cigar cases, purses, watches, gold crosses, and sums of money, sometimes even single rouble pieces, found by the Japanese on the bodies of Russian officers and soldiers buried by them after battles.

CHILD KILLS HIS BABY SISTER.

NEW YORK, Wednesday.—Jealousy of the latest addition to the family, Emmet Robinson, a curly-headed, dimpled youngster of two-and-a-half years, living with his parents at Nyack, New Jersey, killed his baby sister by striking her on the head with a bronze statuette.

The coroner said to-day: "It is a remarkable instance of infantile crime. I am quite convinced that the boy knew what he was doing, and that he deliberately murdered his sister."

The boy has regained his usual cheerfulness, and constantly expresses gladness that the baby has gone.

Northerly breezes; fair, dry, and rather cold; slight frost inland at night.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER (Lighting-up time: 6.11 p.m. Sea passengers will be smooth generally.)

LORD MILNER.

Rumoured Resignation Gives Rise to Speculation.

The statement made in the "Morning Post" of to-day with regard to the alleged impending resignation of Lord Milner is unfounded.

The above was issued by the Colonial Office last evening in consequence of the numerous inquiries which had been made throughout the day concerning the report that the office of High Commissioner for South Africa was likely to become vacant at no distant date.

Before the official denial was forthcoming there had been considerable speculation in circles where the rumour was received with some credence, as to the reasons which might lead Lord Milner to take such a step. It was pointed out that his official duties during his term of office have been exceptionally arduous, and that probably he feels some respite from the strain is essential to his health.

A remark which Lord Milner made to a friend when he was last in this country was recalled. He then said that the friend in question might see him again by the end of this year.

It is believed that the High Commissioner has definitely arranged to visit England again within a few months' time, and this may have led possibly to a hasty conclusion that such an event portended his resignation.

EVICTING AN IRISHMAN.

Prodding the Police with Red Hot Iron Bars.

Unprecedented scenes were witnessed on the Fell Estate, about sixteen miles from Cork, yesterday, when a strong force of police and barilla attempted to evict Edmund Murphy from his cottage, he having adopted a "No Rent" attitude for a period of six years.

Murphy and his friends had barricaded the house, and the besiegers were met by showers of bricks, bottles, and stones and boiling water.

To clear the farmyard the police used the butt-ends of their rifles, and a battering-ram was used to burst open the barricaded door of the house.

Then the besiegers' progress was found to be blocked by an iron gate, and, although the police tried to force the holders of the gate back at the point of the bayonet, they were prodded by the defenders with bars of red-hot iron, and had to beat a hasty retreat.

Many of the police were seriously injured, and reinforcements were sent for, when the siege was resumed.

Finally the defenders of the dwelling surrendered, and the police made thirty arrests.

GRUESOME FIND.

Boy Takes a Human Skull to School.

At a school in Leyton one of the boys surprised his teacher by producing a human skull.

The boy said he and his playmates had found four other skulls on a refuse heap near a railway wagon works at Temple Mills.

The headmaster at once sent him to the police with his gruesome find, and, as a result of further search yesterday, a number of other bones have been found.

SHOT WHILE TRESPASSING.

While trespassing for the purpose of gathering nuts in Lamorbey Park, Sidecup, the estate of Mr. Kekewich, J.P., brother of General Kekewich, on Sunday, a labourer named George Brazier was shot in the leg by a gamekeeper.

The headmaster at once sent him to the police with his gruesome find, and, as a result of further search yesterday, a number of other bones have been found.

Curtis stated that while chasing the trespasser he slipped and his gun accidentally went off, both barrels exploding.

A remand was ordered, bail being allowed.

GIVING MONEY AWAY.

Owing to his prodigality in giving the passers-by silver coins by the handful, the Ramsgate police have arrested a London gentleman, said to be of good family, and possessed of ample means.

At the police court yesterday it was stated that the gentleman was suffering from religious mania. The magistrates ordered him to be detained.

BOY KILLED BY A MOTOR-CAR.

In attempting to avoid a traneur near Sheffield last night the driver of a motor-car ran into a small cart, throwing two boys who were on the front of the cart to the ground.

One lad died in ten minutes from a fractured skull, and the other had his lower jaw broken. The chauffeur escaped with a few injuries.

GUSHING GREEK GIRLS.

Maids of Athens Serenade Officer Resembling Lord Byron.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

ATHENS, October 4.—An officer of H.M.S. Bulwark, who has often been chaffed for his resemblance to the great Lord Byron, had an amusing experience during the recent visit of the Mediterranean fleet to the Piræus.

While walking through the town he was hailed by a jovial brother officer with the words, "Hallo, Byron!" and the natives, whose attention had already been riveted on the sailor's handsome face, jumped to the conclusion that he must be a descendant of their poet-deliverer. Cries of "Byron! Byron!" resounded through the street, and he was followed by a large crowd.

When the Bulwark's launch was returning a pretty girl, gorgeously apparelled, and adorned with strings of sequins, presented the blushing officer with a bouquet of flowers, and begged to be allowed to kiss him.

Late at night the warship was approached by a large boat laden with Athenian beauties, who sang national songs in which the name "Byron" was all that could be distinguished. The "descendant of the poet" retired in disgust to his cabin, but was finally dragged out by his brother officers, and compelled to bow to the serenaders. All Athens is laughing at the naval man's adventure.

FOOLS AND THEIR MONEY.

Judge's Dictum on the Buying of Seaside Plots of Land.

"There is always a plentiful supply of fools. I have seen people who have bought land in this way afterwards trying to find it when it was over-grown with weeds."

Thus said Judge Lunden at the Lambeth County Court when he heard that a party to a suit had bought a seaside plot of land for £3 and sold it for £20.

The gentleman who bought and sold the plot said it was marked clearly on a plan, and the Judge retorted: "Yes, the plans generally look all right. In buying these plots it is a case of fools and their money being soon parted."

THE KING AND FRENCH SAVANTS.

His Majesty Described as the "Lightning Conductor of Europe."

The French physicians and surgeons concluded their visit to London last night at the Hotel Cecil with a banquet presided over by Sir William Broadbent, who, in proposing the health of the King, referred to his Majesty's work in perfecting the entente cordiale, describing his Majesty as "le paratonnerre de l'Europe" (the lightning conductor of Europe).

Sir William then read the following telegram from the King:—

I am commanded by the King to inform you that he has noticed with great satisfaction that so large a number of French medical professors, physicians, and surgeons have come to England to inspect the hospitals in London.

His Majesty has always taken a warm interest in these institutions, and he has observed therefore with much gratification the success which has attended the visit of these gentlemen, and he hopes that mutual benefit to both countries will ensue from it.

The King remembers with great pleasure that on the occasion of the National Medical Congress in London he had an opportunity of making the acquaintance of their distinguished countryman, Monsieur Pasteur.—Equerry.

Sir William Broadbent subsequently proposed the health of President Loubet—"the equal of monarchs."

MR. CHARLES MORTON RESIGNS.

The directors of the Palace Theatre yesterday accepted with great regret the resignation, owing to failing health, of Mr. Charles Morton, the veteran manager, and then adjourned the meeting until to-day in order that Mr. Morton might be consulted as to the form which his farewell testimonial should take.

It is hoped that a testimonial madame will meet with the appreciation of Mr. Morton, in which case a representative committee will be invited to carry out the scheme at once.

WHAT THE RUSSIAN FEARED.

As he was being removed to a lunatic asylum from the dock at the Guildhall yesterday, a Russian shouted "Port Arthur."

"He thinks he is pursued by the Japanese," said one witness, and whenever the word "Japan" was mentioned in the course of the proceedings the Russian covered in terror.

FIGHT TO A FINISH.

Deadly Duel Between Two Grandees of Spain.

CHURCH BAN DEFIED.

The fatal end of a determined duel fought near Seville last Sunday has created extraordinary excitement throughout Spain.

The principals were Captain de Parades and the Marquis Pickman, both of whom were connected with the noblest families of Andalusia.

The quarrel between them was of long standing, and culminated in a dispute at the Cervantes Theatre last Thursday, when the Marquis struck his adversary and knocked him down.

The Spanish codes forbid duelling, but, nevertheless, the affair was submitted to a court of honour, by which seconds were nominated and a duel arranged.

THE AUTHORITIES INDIFFERENT.

The details of the quarrel, and the developments which resulted, were public property. In spite of this, no attempt appears to have been made by the authorities to prevent the meeting, which was carried out without any pretence at concealment.

The conditions arranged provided for three shots, the first to be fired at twenty-five yards, the second at twenty yards, and the third at fifteen yards.

The principals faced one another with deadly determination. Each fired two shots without result. When the double report rang out for the third time, the Marquis Pickman fell forward, shot through the lungs.

The doctors rushed to his aid, but found that he had died instantaneously.

Captain de Parades as once reported himself to his superior officers, and was put under arrest.

IN CONSECRATED GROUND.

Yesterday the funeral of the Marquis Pickman took place in Seville, and was the cause of strange and violent scenes.

An attempt was made by the Bishop of Seville to prevent the interment of the body in consecrated ground, and the gates of the cemetery were locked and guarded.

The crowd, however, broke down the barriers and performed the interment in spite of the opposition of the gendarmes. It is estimated that 50,000 people took part in the riot.

Marquis Pickman, whose family was of English origin, was forty-five years of age. The greatest sympathy is felt for his widow, who is among the most beautiful women in Seville society.

It is understood that the Governor of Seville has been severely censured by the Government for not interfering to prevent the duel.

ITALIAN SOCIETY MURDER.

Wife of the Dead Count Weeps Bitterly in Court.

TURIN, Wednesday.—Rain kept a crowd from gathering at the Law Courts when the trial of the five persons charged with the murder of Count Bonmartini was resumed this morning.

As was the case yesterday, the Countess Theodora (the dead man's wife) drove up in a cab, while the other prisoners were conveyed to the court in the black van.

When the prisoners were brought into court it was remarked upon that Rosa Bonetti, Tallio's alleged mistress, persistently turned her back upon the public, apparently to gaze upon her lover, who sat in the prisoner's cage with downcast eyes.

Raising a point at the opening of the case, Signor Levi, counsel for the defence, objected to the course taken by the prosecution, and said:—

"We must not introduce here an embittered contest in the name of two innocent children standing between the tomb of their father and the prison of their mother."

During the concluding passages of Signor Levi's speech the Countess Linda burst into tears.

Counsel for the civil party protested against the moral considerations raised by the defence, describing them as so many rhetorical devices, and the Court then adjourned.—Reuter's Special Service.

ACCIDENT AT WATERLOO STATION.

Serious and prolonged inconvenience ensued at Waterloo Station as the result of an engine becoming derailed shortly after four o'clock yesterday afternoon.

A well-laden passenger train was being pulled out from No. 10 platform when the engine struck some points and lurched off between the metals.

After some delay the passengers were transferred to another train; and it was then found that serious damage had been done to the permanent way, necessitating the temporary closing of other platforms.

OXFORD MURDER—TRAMPS ARRESTED.

On suspicion of being concerned in the murder of Frank Allwood, at Tackley, Oxfordshire, on Saturday last, two tramps were last night arrested at Farringdon, Berkshire.

PECKSNIFF II.

Arch-Hypocrite Who Used Religion as a Cloak.

DEFRAUDED HIS FATHER.

The record of Mr. Pecksniff for fraud and hypocrisy fades into insignificance beside that of Charles Louis Bedford, whose creditors met at Birmingham yesterday.

At that meeting his father, a man full of years and honour, explained to the other creditors how he himself had been defrauded of £1,804 by his son, who had now absconded, leaving behind him a long confession of his many frauds.

Mr. Bedford, senior, said that his son had recommended the purchase of the book debts of the "Glory Paper Mills," suggesting that his father and two friends should each find a fourth of the amount required to buy them.

"I thought it looked promising," explained the old gentleman sorrowfully, "and I advanced the money."

Fraudulent Balance-Sheets.

A Mr. Ellison, who represented other creditors, said the association, which was supposed to purchase the debts, never had any real existence—neither had the debts. Fraudulent balance-sheets were produced, and it was a fraud throughout from the commencement.

For many years past the career of the arch-hypocrite responsible for this heartless fraud had been one of almost unparalleled audacity.

He was a most prominent member of Birmingham's commercial and religious circles, and he used his religious reputation as a cloak for dishonest dealings.

He was, outwardly, at least, a devoted member of the leading Wesleyan church in the aristocratic suburb of Edgbaston.

And he knew well the value of appearances. He had actually no business, and probably never in his life earned £100 a year by honest dealing, but his notepaper bore an impressive heading, he travelled to and from London, where he had a branch office, with a first-class season ticket, and was always well-dressed.

This enabled him to hoodwink most of those with whom he came into contact, and even to gull professional men of more than average business acuteness.

Singing a Hymn.

Here are a few of his nefarious dealings:—He persuaded the headmistress of a high school for girls in Herefordshire, of which he was secretary, to lend him £500, and he appropriated no less than £150 worth of the school funds.

He victimised one person to the tune of £600, saying he wanted the money to befriend his brother, who was, he said, in financial straits.

A few days before he bolted—leaving a full confession behind him—a relative lent him £500, and immediately he received it he offered up an elaborate prayer of thankfulness, and concluded by singing a hymn.

His present whereabouts is unknown, and he left behind him a wife, who is prostrated with grief, and one little child.

His defalcations ran into thousands of pounds, and at the meeting of creditors it was decided to divide the assets and close the matter as soon as possible.

PRESENT FOR THE MARQUIS.

Tradesmen Buy Anglesey's Coronation Robe for Their Patron.

At Anglesey Castle yesterday the Marquis's Coronation robe, in crimson velvet, and coronet were sold for £59.

It was purchased by Bangor tradesmen, who intend restoring it to the Marquis.

For the second time a 1,000-guinea fur coat was sold, the auctioneer intimating that the gentleman whose card was handed up at the previous sale had repudiated the purchase. It was now sold to a London gentleman for £255.

At the same time the Marquis's stage jewels were sold at Willis's Rooms in London.

Like the costumes sold there on the previous day, which on an average went for a twentieth part of the sum they cost, they fetched very low prices. The hundred and eighty lots realised only £615.

The highest price bid throughout the afternoon was £21 for a large spray laid ornament in four pieces, a brooch, and the case.

WHEREABOUTS OF A SCOTSMAN.

The Windsor Guardians were yesterday asked by a Scotsman to find her deserting husband. The Chairman: Do you think he has gone to Scotland?

A Guardian: I don't think Scotsmen ever return home.

The Applicant: No. I don't think Scotland will have him.

FOR SHAKESPEARE'S SAKE.

£400 To Be Spent on Old Stratford Cottages.

The trustees of the Shakespeare Birthplace met yesterday to consider their future action with regard to the Hornsby Cottages, in Henley-street, Stratford-on-Avon.

It will be remembered that Miss Marie Corelli, last year, vigorously opposed a proposal to pull down one of these cottages, to make room for a Carnegie library.

A proposal was made by Mr. Sidney Lee, the president of the executive, that the cottages be retained and renovated at a cost not exceeding £400.

Sir Theodore Martin strongly opposed the proposal. He declared that the trust had no right to spend one shilling on the cottages.

They were not known, nor even believed, to have been the property of Shakespeare, or of his wife or parents.

He maintained that they held no more connection with Shakespeare than any ordinary house in Stratford.

It was absurd to spend any money on these horribly-plain cottages, for the sake of a few rotten beams full of insects and microbes.

As a trustee, he objected to exposing himself hereafter to a challenge of having wrongfully expended trust money.

In spite of this uncompromising protest, the meeting decided by ten votes to eight to retain the cottages and to carry out the scheme of preservation.

CRITICISING HIS CRITIC.

Mr. Tree's Reply to Mr. Stead's Views of "The Tempest."

Mr. W. T. Stead having given his opinion of Mr. Tree's production, "The Tempest," Mr. Tree has now courteously retorted by giving his views of Mr. Stead's criticism.

Mr. Tree's opinion of his own work is apparently not at all affected by the article in question.

Obviously commenting upon the fact that it was Mr. Stead's first visit to a theatre, the actor-manager remarked: "I suppose dramatic criticism requires some sort of training."

"But," he added, "it requires, in addition to intelligence, an artistic instinct which in Mr. Stead's case has lain dormant for fifty-five years. To me, with all my long experience of the stage, the illusion is as powerful as if I were still a boy."

"Should I be alarmed to hear that Shakespeare had come to life again and was among the audience at His Majesty's? No, not alarmed, for I should have so much confidence in his largeness of mind."

SOCIETY AT THE ALTAR.

Niece of the Duke of Fife Married in Marylebone Church.

Yesterday afternoon three interesting weddings took place in London.

The most important was that of Miss Hermione Cooper, daughter of Sir Alfred and Lady Agnes Cooper, and niece of the Duke of Fife, to Mr. Neil Arnott.

They were married at the Marylebone Parish Church, and reception was held afterwards in Henrietta-street, Cavendish-square.

Six pretty bridesmaids, including Lady Violet Powlett, dressed in white with touches of brown and pale blue, followed Miss Eileen Scott, daughter of Sir Charles Scott, late British Ambassador to Russia, to the altar.

Miss Scott was married at St. Stephen's, South Kensington, to Mr. Henry Sparkle, reserve officer of the Scots Guards, and the Lord Bishop of Cashel and Waterford performed the ceremony.

A number of prominent society folk were present. Mr. John Dryden and Miss Kate Gibb, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gibb, of Langton Hall, North-Audley-street. The Dean of Peterborough officiated at a very pretty ceremony.

HUMBUGGED A DETECTIVE.

Humiliating Confession by a Deceived and Angry Policeman.

"He has been humbugging me the whole time," said Detective-sergeant Moss of a prisoner at Birmingham yesterday. "He has simply been making a tool of me to hide his own nefarious traffic."

The prisoner was John Bridgewater, who was charged, with his wife and another man, with jointly stealing and receiving copper.

The detective said that he had been approached by Bridgewater, who pretended to have information of metal thefts. The detective had frequently met the prisoner and treated him, but he had put the policeman off on various pretexts, and finally given him information of no value.

Prisoners were committed for trial.

PIERHEAD TRAGEDY.

L.C.C. Educational Officer Shoots Himself at Southend.

Calmly smoking a pipe, a gentleman walked up to a number of anglers on the head of Southend Pier, and in a casual sort of way asked them whether they had had any luck.

He wandered away, and a moment later the anglers heard a revolver shot. Rushing to the spot they were shocked to find the stranger lying on a seat dead, with a revolver clutched in his hand.

Yesterday the gentleman was identified as Mr. H. R. Appleton, manager of the School Managing Department of the L.C.C.

Since the L.C.C. took over the work of the School Board Mr. Appleton had been heavily worked, and recently he had been strange in his manner. He was a bachelor, and recently made his will.

On Tuesday evening he asked one of his clerks what time the next train for Southend started, saying, "I want to get there as soon as possible."

WORKMEN WITH DYED HAIR.

Old Men's Strange Device to Conceal Age and Secure Employment.

Do aged workmen use hair-dye to make them look younger so that they may secure employment?

At a meeting of the Liverpool Vestry this question was answered in the affirmative. One member said the prejudice against old men was so strong that many bought cheap hair-dye and used it to prevent them being turned out of employment they had already got.

Whereupon another member suggested that the poor-law boards should supply hair-dye gratis to keep down pauperism.

But the London workmen are apparently not so enterprising as their Liverpool brethren.

Inquiries made among the barbers in the poorer districts of London showed that up to the present time the aged labourer had not yet used hair-dyes.

But many of the barbers in the East End said that working-men have lately taken to clean shaving and wearing their hair short. The old-fashioned grizzled whiskers were out of fashion, as they made the wearers look old.

COMEDIAN ON THE BOX.

Omnibus Driver's Theatre Engagement Turns Out Badly.

One of a series of charges brought at Marylebone Police Court yesterday against a young man, who gave his name as "Arthur George Spry," was that he had stolen a brass coach horn and other articles from Charles Flindall, an omnibus driver, whom he had asked to act as his understudy on the stage.

Flindall prefaced his evidence by stating that, although he was now driving an omnibus, he had acquaintance while on his omnibus, and while passing Sadler's Wells Theatre one day said he would go and see his friend's "show."

However, on his way to the theatre that night he met "Spry," who said his wife's mother had dropped dead, in consequence of which he was unable to appear. Would Flindall "do a show for him"? They adjourned to Flindall's home, where the omnibus driver gave an exhibition of his "business," to the apparent satisfaction of his friend, and the latter arranged to engage him for a week.

Subsequently, while the two were in a public-house, "Spry" made a pretext for leaving, and is alleged to have gone back to Flindall's house and taken away his stage clothes.

On the charge of robbing Flindall, and on two other charges of fraud, the prisoner was sent for trial. In one of the latter cases it was alleged he stole a basket from a music-hall artist and sold it with the remark that it was "poor old Herbert Campbell's."

A.B.C. DIVIDEND.

The Aerated Bread Company, Limited, have decided to recommend to the shareholders at the ensuing general meeting that a dividend be made of a balance dividend for the year ended September 30, 1904, of 8s. per share, free of income-tax, in addition to the interim dividend of 3s. paid in April last.

Fels-Naptha

for washing workmen's clothes
painter's shoemaker's
machinist's millworker's
printer's miner's
butcher's railwayman's
grocer's farmer's
blacksmith's army and navy

Fels-Naptha 39 Wilson street London E.C.

ROMANCE OF A ROGUE

Clerk Who Was Sportsman, Lover and Burglar.

WILD QUADRUPLE LIFE.

Clerk by day; burglar by night; sportsman in his spare time, and Don Juan when opportunity offered.

This for over a year was the life of the young man, "Frederick Monks," of Kilburn Park-road, N.W., whose sentence to twelve months' imprisonment for burglary was recorded in yesterday's *Daily Mirror*.

"Monks" was an assumed name, for this strange youth's relations are people of good position in Kilburn, and of considerable wealth, and out of consideration for their feelings his real name has not been made public.

A year ago, at the age of nineteen, "Monks" was an accomplished criminal. Most systematically he apportioned his time. During the day he was a promising young accountant in receipt of 35s. a week—clever, diligent, and energetic.

During his spare time he took part in cycling races—of which he won many—attended parties, and planned and carried out successful burglaries. As a boy he was well educated and carefully trained, but in small things he was not over-scrupulous.

From one who knew young "Monks" a *Mirror* representative learnt some interesting facts yesterday concerning his private life.

Liked Women's Society.

"I did not know him as 'Monks,' the burglar," said our informant, "I knew him merely as a young City clerk, who appeared to be industrious, not given to drinking, or extravagance, save in one direction. I believe he was very fond of girls' society, and liked making them presents."

"He explained his peculiar hours—for he would return after an evening out towards two or three in the morning—by saying that he went to a good many parties and dances."

"He was very ambitious, and was particularly anxious to marry. I think that this ambition to be married had something to do with his downfall."

Caught at Last.

For two years "Monks" has been wanted, but it was not until September 16, when he broke into a house in Portsmouth-road, Maida Vale, that the police were able to obtain absolute proof of his guilt. Five days later he was arrested at his lodgings in Kilburn Park-road.

Not the least remarkable part of the career of this youth of many rôles was his popularity among ladies. Four young ladies, living at Salisbury, Fulham, Lambeth, and Maida Vale, were in love with him.

To one he wrote:—

Dearest,—I am thinking of you always, and your "good little talks" are influencing me in the right direction. Never have I realised so much as last night the power for good possessed by one who is blameless. I cannot see to you—morrow night, as I promised, for I have an invitation, which I cannot refuse, to a party at Havestock-hill.—With love and kisses, FREDIE.

And, strange to say, this affectionate epistle was written the night before he committed his last burglary. The party at Havestock-hill was merely a blind.

STUDENTS' SERENADE.

Dowie's Lieutenant Defeated by Medicos Singing in Chorus.

The chief lieutenant of Dowie, the "prof," has been having a very unpleasant time at Dublin.

Mr. H. E. Cantwell has been addressing meetings there. On Monday night he had to put up with a number of caustic interruptions, but his last meeting was so stormy that the police had to be called in.

The chief objectors were medical students, who came in a body, and after some ludicrous statements had been made by the speaker, drowned all further attempts to address the meeting by singing in chorus, to a well-known tune:—

We'll lang old Dowie on a sour apple tree
When he comes back from o'er the sea.

Once they were started on that, Dowie's lieutenant, despite the aid of the police, had to declare the meeting closed.

LADY CURZON A LITTLE BETTER.

It was stated at Walmer Castle last night that Lady Curzon was a little better. Her condition, however, it was added, still gave cause for anxiety.

The fact that Lady Curzon's mother and sister attempted to address the meeting by singing in chorus, to a well-known tune:—

The London specialist is still at the castle.

MATRIMONIAL TANGLE.

Painful Story of Re-marriage Complications.

The painful circumstances of a strangely involved matrimonial case were disclosed before Judge Russell at Aldershot County Court yesterday.

A Mrs. Fitzgerald, living at Farnborough, sued George Knight, a telegraphist employed at the Headquarters Office, Aldershot, for £10, which she claimed as arrears under a separation agreement. Knight's defence was that she had broken the agreement by molesting him.

In support of Mrs. Fitzgerald's claim it was stated that many years ago she was married to a soldier in India, and had two children—a son and a daughter. Returning to England, she lost sight of her husband, and subsequently, after making inquiries, concluded that he was dead, and was married to Knight.

After twenty-one years her mother's heart urged her to seek out her children, and eventually her daughter was found and taken to her parent's home. It then transpired that Fitzgerald had not died, but had also married again. Troubles came thick and fast upon Mrs. Fitzgerald, for after this discovery Knight, she alleged, ran away with her daughter, married her, and made her a mother.

The molestation which Knight alleged was with reference to Mrs. Fitzgerald's efforts to get her daughter to leave him and return to her, a course which officers' wives at the garrison had advised.

Judge Russell stopped the case suddenly, and indignantly expressed his surprise that Knight should have had the effrontery to come into court. He had never heard of more disgraceful conduct on the part of any man.

"She can molest you," his Honour added, "as much as she likes, so far as I am concerned."

The Judge's decision in favour of the plaintiff was greeted by a loud outburst of cheering from the crowded court.

REFUSED A KISS.

Music-hall Artiste's Story of a Train Adventure.

A music-hall artiste, Miss Kitty Burnett, told the Lambeth magistrate yesterday a strange story of an adventure in a railway carriage on the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway.

She was performing at the Empire Music Hall, Battersea, on Tuesday night, and after her "turn," went into the saloon, where a man named Henry Anthony, who said to be a conjurer, came up and claimed her acquaintance.

Subsequently while she was on her way home to Peckham, Anthony overtook her at Battersea Park Station. She took some refreshment at his request, and when she entered a second-class carriage he accompanied her.

He asked her, she said, to let him kiss her, but she replied: "I am not in the habit of kissing strangers." He then, she alleged, acted improperly. At Queen's-road Station she complained of his conduct, and Anthony retorted: "I charge this lady with blackmail. She has asked me for a sovereign."

Miss Burnett said there was not the slightest truth in the suggestion that she made advances to him or asked him for a sovereign; and, in answer to the defending solicitor, denied that she told Anthony she would get a free advertisement out of the incident.

Anthony, who denied the charge of assault, was remanded, the magistrate offering to accept bail.

INDIGNANT SEVENTEEN.

Youthful Man of the World's Ingenious Letter to a Coroner.

Indignant at the brutal way in which many barmen eject customers, a youth of seventeen has written an extraordinary letter to the East London Coroner, who recently inquired into the death of a man who died from injuries received through being thrown out of a public-house. The letter reads:—

Sir,—I think it is a great shame that people should be insulted by barmen and potmen. I have been in Scotland, Ireland, Wales, Lancashire, and Yorkshire, and when barmen want to eject anybody the first thing they do is to get hold of them by the throat and give them a mighty throw.

I have never been in a public-house in my life. I am only seventeen years of age, and have seen as much life as any young man in England.—Yours truly, From a Friend.

CLERKS' LIMITATIONS.

In company with several other clerks, Albert William Hewitt, aged fifty-five, employed by a City firm of contractors, volunteered to lower a staging in order that a cart might get out of the yard. Hewitt failed to move aside quickly enough, and was crushed by the staging as it descended. The East London coroner remarked at the inquest yesterday that many men might be good clerks, but very few were any good at mechanical work.

DAYLIGHT MURDER IN A SHOP.

Elderly Woman Gagged and Done to Death in One of London's Busiest Thoroughfares.

A crime, the mysterious horror of which could only be adequately conveyed by the pen of a De Quincey, was discovered yesterday in the East End of London.

An inoffensive old lady, named Miss Emily Farmer, was found gagged and bound in the last throes of death from suffocation in her little shop in Commercial-road, near Stepney Causeway.

Commercial-road is the great artery leading to the dock districts. It is always busy with traffic, and, sordid though the surrounding streets are, anyone passing along the main road would hardly conceive it possible that a mysterious crime could be harboured in a place of business facing this crowded thoroughfare.

It was, however, in broad daylight that the crime which cost Miss Farmer her life was committed. She had for many years kept a small tobacconist's and newspaper shop. In a humble way she was prosperous, and people living in the neighbourhood—people to whom five shillings meant comfort for half a week and £5 wealth beyond the dreams of avarice—regarded her as a rich woman.

The story went about that there was hoarded gold in her bedroom. She was one of the old-fashioned people—more commonly met with now in France than in England—who store money in old stockings and up the chimney.

Her friends had sometimes warned her of the dangers of being rich in a district teeming with people both poor and desperate. But she declined to interfere with her habits. She would not even engage a servant to share the little house with her.

What the Boy Found.

"Why should I? Servants only rob one," said the miserly spinster to all such suggestions.

The poor woman was destined for a worse fate than mere petty pilfering of her long-hoarded treasures.

She went to bed as usual on Tuesday night. At half-past six yesterday morning a little boy came to the shop to deliver papers. The shop was open, but there was no one inside.

Ordinarily the little grey-haired spinster would have been behind the counter, business-like and alert, in spite of her sixty years.

The boy could not understand the silence. He kicked, but only the echo answered. He shouted, but there was no reply.

Then a sense of something uncanny came over him, and he went to the little confectioner's shop next door. There dwelt a Miss Baker, perhaps the only person whom the miserly spinster had taken into her confidence. Miss Baker had nursed her when she was sick, and between the two women there was a warm friendship.

Miss Baker entered the shop. There she was met with a disgusting scene.

Contents of drawers and boxes were thrown about the floor and lay on the counter in confusion. Empty cases and drawers lay about the shop in the utmost disorder.

The frightened woman, fearing the worst, dare go no further. She left the shop with a shudder, and waited outside till the boy had brought a policeman.

Then the trio went up the narrow staircase to the lonely spinster's room. There, on the old-fashioned wooden bedstead, which was one of Miss Farmer's most cherished possessions, lay the owner of the shop.

Towel Round Her Mouth.

She was dressed. The lower part of her body lay on the bed, but the head almost touched the floor. Round her mouth was a towel tied so tightly that her face was purple. Her thin arms were tied behind her back with stout cord, and her feet were bound at the ankles.

Hastily the policeman lifted the body on to the bed and tore the bandage from the face. Firmly wedged in the mouth was a piece of dirty cloth which, on being pulled out, was found to be saturated with blood. There were no other injuries beyond the deep cuts on the wrists caused by the ropes which bound the victim.

Miss Baker tore open the woman's blouse. The

heart was beating faintly, but life was slowly ebbing away, and all hope of saving the unfortunate woman was gone. The policeman sent for two doctors, but as their footsteps were heard entering the shop below Miss Farmer breathed her last. She had never opened her eyes.

On the bed, by the side of the body, was found Miss Farmer's set of false teeth, which had been forced out of her mouth when she was gagged. On the floor near the bed lay her slippers, which had evidently fallen off when she was thrown on the bed.

How came it that this ghastly deed had been done in broad daylight in the midst of a teeming population? The police believe that two men were concerned in the crime. They knew the busy time was over, the boys having got their first lot of morning papers. They entered and surprised Miss Farmer bending down to put on her shoe.

The Fatal Struggle.

A struggle ensued before she was finally overcome and carried upstairs to meet a death the murderers probably did not intend to inflict. And that is all that is known.

One report says that a man was seen to leave the shop hurriedly and get on a tram going to Alldgate, but the report is very vague.

The only valuable clue is a finger-print, which, thanks to the marvellously successful system now in operation at Scotland Yard, may lead to the arrest of the criminals.

On several articles, including Miss Farmer's spectacles, prints of the murderer's fingers have been found.

Robbery, of course, was the motive, and it is probable the whole of the unfortunate woman's hoard has been taken. Burglars have been busy in the neighbourhood, and Emily Farmer had herself been twice the object of their attentions.

On a dark morning, a few months ago, she was attacked by some men while opening her shop, and struck on the head with a sandbag. A passer-by, who had seen the assault, rushed in, and the other men promptly took to their heels.

The other occasion was five years ago, when Miss Farmer found a man in the shop with the till on the counter. She bravely went round to him and grasped the till, but the man seized her round the neck and slung her into the road, afterwards escaping at the back.

MISS FARMER'S LONELY LIFE.

Solitary Existence Relieved by a Romantic Attachment.

The dead woman is said to have been well-educated, and fairly well-connected.

She used to say she went to the same school as the present Lord Mayor. His lordship, when a boy, would often come into the shop and dangle his legs over the counter.

Up to a few years ago she lived with her brother, but since his death her life has been a quite lonely one.

The neighbour, a Miss Baker, interviewed by a *Mirror* representative, said Miss Farmer was somewhat eccentric.

But she would not leave the shop. When urged to do so she always replied, "I am not afraid. I was born there, and I will die there."

"I know nothing," she added, "about her money affairs, though I believe that she received a legacy some time ago. But she had one little weakness. In the afternoon she used to change her working clothes and put on an expensive silk dress. She did this every day for a very long time."

There was a male friend who used to come frequently of an evening. He was there the night before her death.

This person, it is stated, had several times asked her to marry him, but she had refused, though she seemed to regard him with a good deal of affection. [A photograph of the murdered spinster's shop in Commercial-road appears on page 8.]

LONDON AS HEALTH RESORT.

The mother of a child upon whom the Westminster coroner held an inquest yesterday stated that she lived in the Isle of Ely, and had come up to London "because she was ordered to take plenty of fresh air."

The Coroner: What?

The Mother: Change of air, I mean.

The Coroner: London is not yet a place to which people resort for fresh air. Did the doctor tell you to come to London?

The Mother: He knew I was coming here.

EX-RECTOR IN THE DOCK.

Beresford Hope Moffatt, a graduate of Trinity College, and formerly a rector in County Fermanagh, was remanded at Dublin Police Court yesterday, charged with stealing a coat and with obtaining goods by false pretences.

FENCING WITH KNIVES.

Arrested on a charge of manslaughter, Thomas Millett, a Clerkenwell porter, made a statement to the police to the effect that he and Horace Brown, who was employed by a cats'-meat vendor in Exmouth-street, were fencing with knives. He had parried several of his opponent's thrusts when suddenly Brown fell forward upon the knife, which he held in his hand. Brown subsequently died from the effects of his wound.

The Clerkenwell magistrate yesterday remanded Millett.

UNLUCKY SINCE MARRIAGE.

Sentenced to three months' imprisonment at West Ham yesterday for embezzlement, Daniel Hart, a baker, exclaimed: "I've had a lot of money, but I don't know what I've done with it. I've had no luck since I was married."

ELOPED THREE TIMES.

Barmaid Taken 500 Miles in a Motor-Car.

An extraordinary character was given yesterday at the Clerkenwell Sessions to the engineer, John Mann, who "borrowed" a motor-car from Dr. Nixon, of Teddington, for the purpose of eloping with a barmaid.

He was charged with stealing £3 6s. 4d. from an automatic gas-meter, and he was arrested on his return from the trip in the motor-car.

Mr. Leycester, who prosecuted, said that Mann's great fault was that he was too fond of women and drink. On three occasions he had deserted his wife and run away with single women, besides associating with several others.

He had got some of the women into trouble, and had also run away with £110 in premiums paid by four apprentices.

Beyond that there was nothing of a criminal character against him.

The motor-car was entrusted to Mann for repairs, but on the day it should have been returned he telephoned to the doctor that it had broken down, and then eloped with the barmaid and toured the Eastern Counties.

He left his wife destitute, and during the tour pledged the doctor's fur coat.

The doctor stated that Mann had driven the car 540 miles, and by his rough usage had absolutely ruined it.

Mann complained that a more old-fashioned car could not be found on the road. It was always in trouble, he said, from the time he started until he got back. (Laughter.)

The Judge: It travelled 540 miles.

Mann: But not without great difficulty. I came back in easy stages, and had to repair the machine every ten or fifteen miles. (Laughter.)

The Judge: It seems folly almost amounting to madness, so far as the motor-car is concerned. For the theft of the money I order you to be kept in the second division for four months.

SHE WOULD SING.

Unwelcome Volunteer Vocalist Causes Discord in a Village Choir.

To sing in the village choir was the ambition of Miss Emily White, of Messing, Essex.

Unfortunately the choir objected; and so did the churchwardens and the congregation.

"Mere jealousy," said Miss White; and although forbidden to enter the choir, she took her place there for the harvest festival held last Sunday.

The village policeman had to be called in to dislodge her, and yesterday she made her appearance at the Witham Police Court.

After hearing evidence from the parish clerk and churchwardens to the effect that Miss White's behaviour in the choir had greatly upset the congregation, the Bench fined her £2 and 10s. costs.

She was removed from the court by a constable, protesting in a voice so powerful that any choir have thought the lady an acquisition to any choir.

LOVER'S TRAGIC EMBRACE.

Soldier Falls Dead in the Arms of His Sweetheart.

The pathetic end of a promising young soldier who died in the arms of his sweetheart almost on the eve of his wedding-day was inquired into at Kingston yesterday.

Staff-Sergeant Free, of the 3rd East Surrey Regiment, was thrown off his bicycle towards the end of August.

He did not complain of being much hurt, and it was never dreamed that anything would happen to prevent his marriage on October 25.

However, on Sunday night, he was out walking with his sweetheart on the riverside.

He seemed very happy, and was talking hopefully of their future when he suddenly embraced the girl, and had just said "You are a darling," when he fell forward and died.

The jury returned a verdict of Death from Natural Causes.

If you Suffer

from any disease arising from impurities in the Blood, such as Eczema, Scrofula, Scaly, Bad Legs, Blood Poison, Sores, Pimples, Rheumatism, Gout, &c., you should test the value of Clarke's Blood Mixture, the world-famed Blood Purifier and Restorer. It is warranted to cleanse the blood from all impure matter from whatever cause arising. Thousands of testimonials from all parts of the world. Of all chemists and stores. Ask for

Clarke's Blood Mixture

The World-Famed Blood Purifier
Beware of Imitations.

NEWS IN BRIEF BY MAIL AND WIRE.

Mr. M. C. Mallik, author of "The Problem of Existence," is the Liberal candidate for St. George's, Hanover-square.

While walking in the street, the Rev. Owen Lloyd Davies, Welsh Wesleyan minister at Liverpool, yesterday dropped down dead.

During the past twelve months 59,714 persons were arrested in London for drunkenness, as compared with 50,813 in the previous year.

"If I was a beggar I should have plenty of money," was the convincing answer to a charge of begging made at Marlborough-street Police Court.

FIRE BRIGADE TO RESIGN.

Edmonton District Council has adopted a drastic measure as the result of an inquiry into the working of the fire brigade.

All the members are called upon to send in their resignations, but each will be eligible for re-election as the council may decide.

REVISING BARISTER DEAD.

Mr. Burke Wood, the Revising Barister for Chester, has died of pneumonia after a long illness, which necessitated Mr. Trevor Lloyd being appointed his deputy.

He was a grand-nephew of Edmund Burke, the politician and philosopher.

DISGRACING A UNIFORM.

Some three weeks ago John Henry Richardson, of Elsie View, Leeds, went to a masquerade ball in the uniform of the Royal Horse Artillery.

Ever since then he has worn the uniform, and furthermore disgraced it by drunkenness. Brought before the Richmond (Yorkshire) magistrates, he has been fined 4s or one month's imprisonment.

PROFITS OF PIERROTS.

Hitherto the authorities at Filly have not had power under their Act to collect tolls from the entertainers flocking to the beach.

Now that a new Improvement Act has come into force, they have already received an offer from a troupe of pierrots to pay £600 next year for the pitch they occupied on the sands last season.

RIVAL BRASS BANDS.

Since the dispute between the Hebburn Colliery and the Besses of 1891, when after the Crystal Palace competition, the Bradford Exhibition authorities have offered tempting inducements for the bands to appear together at their bandstands.

Both, however, shirked the ordeal, and the "Besses" will appear next Saturday and Hebburn Colliery on the 22nd.

NOTES FOR TRAMCAR TICKETS.

In alighting from a tramcar at Motherwell a tradesman had the misfortune to drop a bundle of banknotes.

These were picked up by some very small boys on the search for used tramcar tickets, and considered of little value that they were used to wrap up the highly-priced tickets in.

All were eventually recovered, and the little fellows liberally rewarded.

HAYWARDS HEATH HUMORIST.

Mr. W. Stevens, a Brighton solicitor and a passive resister, is the victim of an unknown practical joker calling himself "Active Assister."

It has been the desire of Mr. Stevens to protest against the Education Act in the manner which has become notorious. But each time he has been summoned before the Haywards Heath magistrates "Active Assister" has robbed him of the crown of martyrdom by sending the amount due.

DENIED PROVOCATION.

When George Stokes, a labourer, was charged at Wednesbury with assaulting George Jenkins, a miner, it was stated that he had repeatedly punched the complainant without any provocation whatever. As, however, it was proved that Jenkins had been caught kissing the prisoner's wife the magistrates expressed the opinion that the provocation entitled the prisoner to be discharged on payment of one shilling and costs.

ECONOMY DISCOURAGED.

It is the complaint of the Ellesmere Board of Guardians that red-tape is rampant in other Government Departments besides the War Office.

A local doctor had charged and been paid the ordinary fee of 2s. 6d. for the vaccination of a child taken to his surgery. This economy the Local Government Board had refused to sanction, and insisted on the doctor being paid 3s., which would have been his fee if he had visited the child at the workhouse.

TRAMPS' MEAN ACT.

Two men, named Rigby and McNulty, have been sentenced to two months' hard labour at Stockport for an act of despicable meanness.

Touched by their pitiful tale of destitution, a charitable Stockport lady, Mrs. Pollitt, gave them each a meal and a shilling.

They rewarded her kindness by stealing two Belgian hares, which she valued as pets, and when arrested had skinned them and were offering them for sale.

The L.C.C. annual exhibition of chrysanthemums is open to the public in the Frame House, Battersea Park.

Mr. Alfred Lyttelton, Colonial Secretary, will speak at a Conservative meeting at Dartford on Friday, the 21st.

Seven motor-omnibuses have already passed the inspection of the Metropolitan Police and have received licences.

Sir William Collins, M.D., L.C.C., has been re-elected president of the Medico-Legal Society. Mr. John Troutbeck is honorary treasurer.

Lord Rosebery will speak at Townbridge on Saturday, October 29, the day following Mr. Balfour's speech at Southampton to the National Union of Conservative Associations.

LIVING BY THE SWEAT OF HIS JAW.

According to the annual report of the National Free Labour Association, 21,213 mechanics registered their names for employment, and of these 7,506 were found situations.

There were during twelve months 387 labour disputes, involving 117,000 workpeople. Out of strikes concerning wages those affecting 49,537 workpeople ended in favour of the employer, while those the men won only affected 3,777 workpeople.

Compared with former years there is a great reduction in the number of strikes, and the report asks: "Can it be that we are gradually approaching the time when the labour agitator will be reduced to the ranks of the unemployed, or have to get a living otherwise than by the sweat of his jaw?"

ROYAL DUCHESS GOLFER.

The Duchess of Connaught, who has arrived at Gosford from Ballater, by motor, has visited Grangeval Links, Aberdeen, and taken part in a golf foursome. The Duchess and the Hon. Evan Charteris opposed Lady Wemyss and Lord Elcho, and her Royal Highness, who is a keen golfer, showed much interest in the game.

Other visitors on the links were Princess Patricia and Princess Margaret of Connaught, Mrs. Asquith, and Mr. Brodrick.

WELSH GIRL STUDENTS' VOW.

At the Aberystwyth University College students of both sexes attend the same lectures and compete at the same examinations. Annoyed by questions of flirting, the 200 girl undergraduates have convened an indignation meeting at the Alexandra Hall hostel and solemnly adopted a remarkable self-denying ordinance.

During the whole of the present term they will hold no social intercourse whatever with any man either inside or outside the college boundaries.

ODD QUARTER'S WATER RATE.

It has been the custom to collect the water rate in all the districts of London, except that served by the Grand Junction Company, half-yearly to Christmas and Midsummer.

In order to make the whole collection terminate on March 31, the last day of the new Water Board's financial year, inhabitants of seven of the London districts will be called upon to pay an odd quarter's water rate.

LIFE OF JEM MACE.

Jem Mace, the celebrated gipsy pugilist, who will be seventy-four next April, has just returned from South Africa.

He states that boxing there is not properly conducted, and there is consequently little money to be made at the business.

Australia, New Zealand, America, and Canada have been previously visited by this famous boxer, who will shortly publish the history of his life.

"SHORT CUT TO THE WORKHOUSE."

The proprietor of a London suburban newspaper, brought up on a judgment summons at Lambeth County Court yesterday, declared that "running a newspaper was only taking a short cut to the workhouse." He was not making 41 a week, and had not half a sovereign in the world.

Judge Emden held that there was no evidence of means, and declined to make any order.

SELL YOUR SNAPSHOTS

TO THE

"DAILY MIRROR."

Professional photographers and amateurs who do good work are invited to send photographs of news events to the "Daily Mirror," 2, Carnarvon-street, E.C. If accepted and published they will be liberally paid for.

The subjects selected must have some bearing upon the news of the day. They should be taken and dispatched to this office at the earliest moment and by the quickest available method. Pictures of news events which are some days old are of no use.

Photograph railway accidents, landslides, shipwrecks, or anything of immediate human interest, and send it to the "Daily Mirror."

Mr. Martin John Sutton, head of the well-known seed firm, is to be the next mayor of Reading.

During the past few days three hares have been killed within a few yards of the Town Hall, Hungerford.

Officers of the ships of the United States warships now at Gravesend have been elected honorary members of the Bath Club.

At a beauty competition held at the Palace Theatre, Northampton, Miss Marguerite Byrne was declared the winner. Her portrait appears on p. 1.

NORFOLK'S SMALLEST PARISH.

The death is announced of the Rev. D. F. Barry, who was until lately the rector of the smallest parish in Norfolk.

Fishley, the village embraced in this cure of souls, has only fifteen inhabitants.

RIBSTON PIPPINS IN.

That old English favourite, the Ribston Pippin, in excellent condition, is on sale.

Seeds of this apple were first brought from Rouen in 1688, and planted in the gardens of Ribston Hall, near Knaresborough. Hence the name.

INCREASE IN JUDGMENT SUMMONSES.

Judge Emden, sitting in Lambeth County Court yesterday, stated that recently there had been a great increase in the number of judgment summonses entered for hearing at his court.

Many people were now unable to pay their debts owing to bad trade and want of employment.

TRESPASS ON HIS OWN FARM.

In a Welsh shooting dispute William Jones, a tenant-farmer, was charged at Dolygely with trespassing on the farm of which he was occupier.

The magistrates dismissed the summons on the ground that it was ridiculous to charge a tenant with trespassing on his own land.

PLAIN-SONG IN CHURCHES.

Archbishop Bourne will preside over a meeting of the Roman Catholic Hierarchy at the Chapter Hall, Westminster, on the 28th inst.

The question of enforcing the Pope's "Motu Proprio" on Plain-song in the churches will be one of the principal matters dealt with.

COTTON MOTOR TYRES.

At the first meeting of Hyatts, Limited, at Winchester House, it was announced they had constructed a machine which would make motor tyres of cotton any size without a join in thirty minutes.

These will stand a pressure of 6,000lb, eight times more than the bursting point of any other tyre. The first machine will be working within a month.

CATHOLIC INTELLIGENCE.

To-day, the Feast of St. Edward the Confessor, the ceremony inaugurated last year at Westminster Cathedral will take place at 4.30 p.m.

Immediately after vespers the Cathedral choir will ascend St. Edward's Tower and will there sing a number of selections of ecclesiastical music, including a Prayer for the King: "Domine Salvum fac regem" (in Falsobordone).

SLEPT BEST IN PRISON.

"I would as soon go back to prison as return home to live with my nagging wife," said a defendant charged at Newbury Police Court yesterday with using threatening language towards her.

The man added that he had had the best night's rest in the cell that he had enjoyed for a long time.

He was bound over.

ECHO OF THE LLOYD-GEORGE RIOTS.

At the meeting of the Birmingham Watch Committee yesterday it was stated that Police-constable Thomas, who was injured in the Lloyd-George riots, was still incapacitated.

He was suffering from paralysis, but was better than he had been, and there was some possibility of his being able to walk with the aid of a stick. It was decided that his pension should be continued for another year.

LONDON MUSIC LICENCES.

The Licensing Committee of the London County Council will sit at the Sessions House, Clerkenwell, on Wednesday, November 2, and on Friday, November 11, at Newington Sessions House to hear applications for music and dancing licences.

The whole Council sits as the licensing authority on Friday, November 25.

The list contains applications for 347 licences in respect of 330 places.

5,000,000 JEWS IN RUSSIA.

Although the Jews and their affairs loom largely in the eyes of the world, the Jewish Year-book only claims a population of 10,700,000 for the chosen race throughout the world.

Unluckily for themselves, half this number are in Russia, two millions in Austria-Hungary, and over a million in the United States. Germany, Turkey, and Great Britain divide a million between them, and France and Abyssinia have a quarter of a million.

VICAR'S IDEAL WIFE.

Assisted by Other Ladies - She Cleans the Church To Save the Funds.

A charming demonstration of the truth of the great principle, "Cleanliness is next to godliness," was given at Woodham yesterday, when the churchwomen of the village scrubbed their church clean from end to end and half-way up the sides.

Woodham, which is between Woking and Byfleet, possesses a pretty little stone church, dedicated to All Saints, nestling in a setting of pine woods. The church has long wanted a tower, and for this purpose all available funds have been saved.

Churches, like other things, get dirty, however, and then this difficulty presented itself to the congregation: "If we pay for a clean we shall have less money for the tower."

The difficulty was solved by the Woodham ladies. "We will clean the church with our own hands," they said.

The vicar's wife, Mrs. Bethune, cleaned the chancel steps; parties were formed to scour the font and organ, and the most energetic young ladies put pinboards over their frocks—not their best frocks—and went down on their hands and knees to scrub the wooden floor.

A very pretty picture of loving devoutness they formed, scattered over the church, each maiden beating down the churchyard outside was borne plainly in through the open door with the scent of the fir trees.

BONDAGE OF BEER.

Reverend Richard Free's Strictures on East End Workers.

Another reverend gentleman, following on the example of Dr. Campbell, has come forward as the candid friend of the working East Enders.

"Beer-drinking is no less than a religion to the average East Enders" is the text of the Rev. Richard Free's book, entitled "Seven Years' Hard," which has just been published.

In this book are described the vices of the men and the crimes which are committed through their worship of the "Bottle." This drink habit is all but universal," says the writer.

"The men are reckless of the welfare of England, and care nothing for London. They have no interest in anything, and care nothing as to who rules them so long as they are let alone."

"On Christmas Eve men and women draw their money out of the clubs and stay in the public houses until it has all been spent."

"Children at an early age are given huge draughts of beer, and many of the mothers believe in its powers as a sovereign remedy for all kinds of sicknesses."

"Weddings and funerals are frequently scenes of sordid revelry, and last far into the morning. Mr. Free has known many girls go to knock off work at one o'clock and be dead drunk by five."

"The poverty, monotony, and meanness of the daily life in the Isle of Dogs drives its inhabitants to beer as their only relief. The wealthier residents have all moved across the Thames to Blackheath, and only the poor remain on the island."

WHEEL OF MISFORTUNE.

How a Once Wealthy Widow Was Reduced to Starvation Straits.

An out-relief grant from the Strand Union has saved from starvation the widow of a man who once possessed £300,000.

Mrs. Edwardes, the unfortunate lady in question, yesterday told a *Mirror* representative the story of her life. The details of the disappearance of her enormous wealth, which are confirmed by satisfactory documentary evidence, make a story only paralleled in fiction of the most sensational kind.

Richard Edwardes, her husband, was an only son and partner in the firm of James Edwardes and Son, earthenware manufacturers, of Dale Hall, Burslem, Staffs. When his father died in 1867 he became heir-at-law to the estate, which was worth close on £300,000, and at his mother's death was sole residuary legatee.

Her husband's estate, Mrs. Edwardes states, was managed by a firm of Hanley solicitors, whom she accuses of stealing it by a forged conveyance. She further adds sensation to her story by a charge of conspiracy against a Newcastle solicitor, the manager and cashier of her husband's works (both of whom have since committed suicide), a firm of London solicitors, and the Hanley firm.

Details of this alleged conspiracy include the secret removal at midnight of her husband's deeds from the safe in his office, and a planned gas explosion in the works to obtain the heavy insurance.

So completely was the estate controlled by her husband's enemies, said Mrs. Edwardes, that her marriage settlement of £44,000 was swallowed up, and on the death of Mr. Edwardes in 1884 she found herself a pauper.

NOTICE TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are:—
2, CARMELITE STREET,
LONDON, E.C.
TELEPHONES: 1510 and 1519 Holborn.
The West End Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are:—
45 and 46, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.
TELEPHONE: 1598 Gerrard.
TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS: "Reflexed," London.
PARIS OFFICE: 25, Rue Taibout.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

The *Daily Mirror* is sent direct by post to any part of the United Kingdom at the rate of 1d. a day (which includes postage), payable in advance; or it is sent for one month on receipt of 3s. 6d.; for three months, 6s. 6d.; for six months, 12s.; or for a year, 24s.

To subscribers abroad the terms are: For three months, 9s. 6d.; for six months, 18s. 6d.; for twelve months, 36s.; payable in advance.

Remittances should be crossed "Crossed and Co.," and made payable to the Manager, *Daily Mirror*.

Daily Mirror

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1904.

AN AMAZING ADMISSION.

NOTHING astonishes people more than for a man to admit that he is overpaid. Of course, they all agree with him. But the idea of anybody being honest with himself and his neighbours about his own value upsets them altogether.

The New York alderman who has just proposed that his salary should be reduced by half, because he could not earn more than half of it if he sought a job elsewhere, must have his eye on a public statue. Or perhaps he has a spite against his fellow-aldermen and wants to get their salaries reduced as well. Still, whatever his motive may be, it is useful to have such a precedent to point to.

For in this country we shall be obliged very soon to look most carefully into the salaries that public servants are receiving. How many Cabinet Ministers paid at the rate of £5,000 a year could earn a quarter of that income in the open market? If one got the best men by paying well no one would complain. But nearly all officials, of whatever rank, are persons of quite ordinary ability, and the day is coming when they will have to be content with ordinary pay.

"THE SPIDER."

Fact is constantly following in the footsteps of fiction. Many years ago Mr. Henry Arthur Jones wrote a play for which he invented a character who was a clerk in the daytime and a burglar by night. Now we have an exactly similar case in real life.

The boy burglar of twenty, who has just been sent to prison for twelve months, was to all outward appearances a highly respectable and blameless member of society. He was the son of a man in a good position. He was working his way up in an accountant's office. His only recreations, so far as anyone knew, were cycle-racing and going to evening parties.

But the evening parties he attended were solitary parties of one, held in the houses of those he only knew by reputation as people likely to be worth robbing. Disguised in rough clothes, equipped with dark lantern and all the tools of the trade, he devoted his nights to committing burglaries of the most daring and skilful kind.

Why he did it is a mystery. He does not seem to have wanted money. He had various love-affairs on hand—four, as a matter of fact, at the same time. But they seem to have been innocent enough. Why did the Spider burgle? The reason has escaped our memory. If we could recollect that, perhaps we should get at the secret of his imitator as well.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

If the world were without women our lives would be without succour at the beginning, without pleasure in the middle, and without consolation at the end.—*foxy*.

THE LONDONER'S RETORT.



[Mr. Benn, speaking on a day of dense "London particular," has just described the London County Council as the "guardian angel of the citizen."]

THE CITIZEN: Who are you? My guardian angel, eh? Well, why don't you clear away this fog? Then I might be able to recognise you.

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

WHEN the King of Spain wrote to King Edward to ask if he might put off his visit to England from the autumn to the spring, he was told that he would be welcome here next year, but a gentle hint was conveyed that the visit had better not be postponed again. The fact is, it was not a very courtly thing for Master Alfonso to do—to cancel an arrangement such as he had made to be here at the same time as the King and Queen of Portugal. But, then, in spite of, or perhaps because of, the Spanish stiffness of his up-bringing, he is much given to unconventional acts.

When he was over here acquiring some rudiments of military education at Sandhurst, he once jumped into a train coming up to London from Canterbury, the cadets' nearest station. Lady

THE WORLD'S HUMOUR.

"Say, pa, what's the good of war, anyhow?" "It takes a lot of brass bands to the front, my son."—*New York World*.

"What do you think of that young man who is calling on your daughter?"

"Oh, he's the limit. He reminds me of a cipher with the rim off."—*Chicago News*.

"My husband has such dreadful luck with our motor-car."

"Yes. Sometimes he goes out in it alone at night, and something goes wrong, and he works at it till three o'clock in the morning before he can get it home."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

THE PRESIDENT WOULD DO.

While James Jeffrey Roche was having a chat with President Roosevelt in the White House last week, the telephone bell was ringing somewhat persistently. There being no attendant at hand, the President excused himself, and went to answer the repeated call. This is the conversation that took place on the line, according to the testimony of the distinguished gentleman at the President's end of it.

"Well, what is it?" "Hello, is Archie there?"

"No, he's not."

"Who's this I'm talking to?"

"Well, you'll do. Tell Archie to come over and play ball."

And the President proceeded to execute the order, as directed, and his son Archie went to play ball.—*Boston Herald*.

Currie was in the carriage, and got into conversation with this pleasant-mannered, foreign-looking young man. When she got out she said she would like to know if he lived in Surrey. "Oh, no," he said; "my home's in Spain. I'm Alfonso, you know." His later shock to the feelings of Madrid has been his wish to tour through his kingdom on a motor-car. His Ministers have not got over it yet.

As he always does when he goes to Newmarket, the King has dined with Sir Ernest Cassel. It is not yet forty years since, little more than a boy, young Cassel came to England from Cologne and started on a clerk's stool in a Liverpool office. From Liverpool he came to London, but still only as a salaried employee with no prospects. He soon displayed a wonderful grasp of financial matters, however, and his earliest success was to unravel the financial affairs of, and save from ruin, one of the most noted firms in the City.

From that moment his reputation was made, and he at once took a prominent place in high finance. His most noted work has been done in connection with the great Egyptian irrigation scheme, the money for which was raised by him. The lavishness with which he has given the money he has made to charity is typical of the man, for he does everything on a large scale. Two years ago he handed the King a cheque for £200,000 to be used in the fight against consumption. Not long afterwards he presented Lord Cromer with £40,000 to be used for hospital purposes in Egypt.

Colonel Sir Edward Ward, who seems to be the most likely successor to Lord Milner, has already a reputation, for he earned from Sir George White, during the siege of Ladysmith, the praise, "He is the best commissariat officer since Moses." Before that he had been in the Sudan and Ashanti campaigns. His character, as given in a dispatch from Lord Roberts, is also enough to make any man proud, for he called him "an officer who stands proud by himself as a departmental officer of genius and character." Now he is Permanent Under-Secretary of State for War. If we should lose him here he would be a great gain for South Africa.

Mr. Dion Boucicault, who appeared last night in Mr. Pinero's play, a review of which appears on page 10, started life for the Army, and it was not until he had passed all his examinations, and even selected his regiment, that he decided to take to the boards. He and Mr. Pinero are friends of over twenty years' standing. "Dot," as he is

THE REAL REASON.

Marya: When does the bathing season end? Vanya: When there are no more photographers on the beach.—*"Schut," St. Petersburg*.

called, is never to be recognised behind the footlights, for he manages to sink his own personality to an extraordinary degree, but on this side of them he is a small, elastic, gesticulating personage, with a face mainly remarkable for a pair of large eyes, a long upper lip, and a rather blank expression, which is decidedly trying at times.

Yesterday we published a portrait of Lady Helmsley, Lady Warwick's daughter, as the authoress of an article in the first number of "The Garden City." As a matter of fact, the article was by the Dowager Lady Helmsley. It was not an unusual mistake, considering how interested Lady Warwick is in the movement, to imagine that the article was from the pen of her daughter. The Dowager Lady Helmsley is secretary of the Women's League of the Garden City Association, and a keen worker in the cause.

THE MAN OF THE HOUR.

Viscount Milner.

MANY times his return from South Africa has been announced. This time the announcement may be true. Certain it is, at any rate, that he cannot hold his onerous and responsible position for very much longer. His health has never been robust. He was always a delicate man. Lately he has looked as if his work had told upon his already weak constitution very much. His short-sighted eyes have sunk deeper into his head. His scholar's figure has become more bent. One can see that he only manages to stick to his post by making mind triumph over body, by setting his teeth and determining to hold on.

In France journalists often reach the high places of the public service. In England they never do. Milner is the exception which proves the rule.

For it was as a journalist that he began his career. He worked under Mr. Stead on the old "Pall Mall Gazette." There was no Pro-Boerism in those days, so they got on very well.

Then he tried to get into Parliament, and failed. But he succeeded in getting into the "inner ring" of Treasury officials, which was much more useful. Lucrative appointments followed one after another, and his fortune was made.

It is an open secret that it was he who suggested to Sir William Harcourt the idea of the Death Duties. This was quite in keeping with his Radical politics.

For a quiet man he does a good deal of talking—sometimes a little too much. He used to be intolerant of bores, but is getting cured of that failing. What job will be found for him after South Africa remains uncertain.

The only thing one can be sure of is that he will, if his health holds out, play a big part yet in the history of the next twenty years.



INTERESTING NEWS PICTURES



A NEW ROYAL PHOTOGRAPH.



A hitherto unpublished photograph of their Majesties the Kaiser and King Edward, which has just arrived in London.—(Lundt, Berlin.)

BEATEN BY AN AMERICAN.



Miss Lottie Dod, the British lady golf champion, who has just been defeated by Miss Pauline Mackay in the first round of the Women's National Golf Championship at Philadelphia.

A PHOTOGRAPH



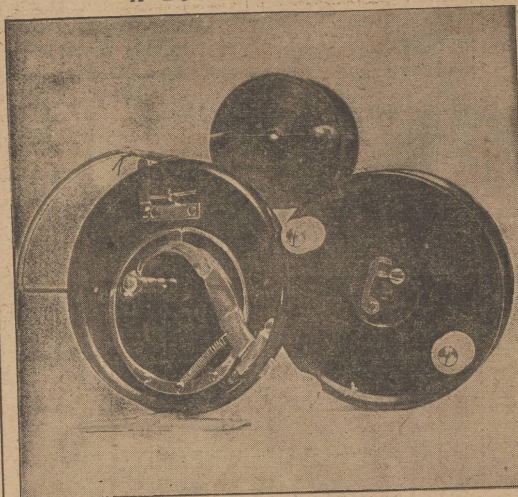
This photograph of the "Sammy Girls" in Robert Evett in the centre, was taken at the performance, by means of the new liquid light, the artist to take photographs at night by

SCENE OF THE EAST END MURDER.



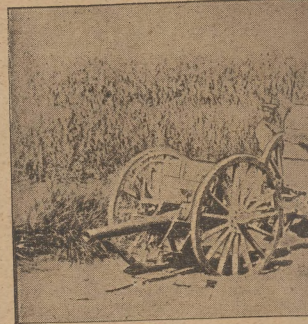
The house, in Commercial-road, E., where one of the most mysterious crimes committed in London for many years occurred yesterday. A + indicates the room in which Miss Farmer, the occupier of the house, was found gagged and murdered.—(See page 5.)

A BOON TO ANGLERS.



The new reel for fishing-rods, which is now being exhibited at the British Sea Anglers' Exhibition. As seen on the left of the picture, the new reel is provided with a brake, which checks the line from spinning out when a fish has been hooked.

JAPANESE EVADE



Japanese artillery bringing their guns to the Mikado's men were enabled to evade the Russians, who were with

MORE PRETTY ENTRIES FOR "MIRROR" BABY BEAUTY COMPETITION.



ENID MARSH, of Bristol.



LESLIE STANLEY DANGERFIELD, of Holloway,

CAN SING LOWER D.



Miss Violet Elliott, the clever Australian singer, now in London, who can sing the lower D.—(Lizzie Caswell Smith.)



Japanese Telegraph Corps men at work immediately lay the wires along

MIRROR, CAMERAGRAPHS.

TAKEN WITHOUT SUNLIGHT.



The "Earl and the Girl," with Miss Louie Pounds and Mr. Lyric Theatre with only the ordinary stage light during the s invented by Dr. Grun. The new lens, it is claimed, enables ary means of illumination and without any additional aid of flashlights.

RUSSIANS IN THE KAO-LING.



front through the kao-ling (millet). The grass is so long here along to the front in safety without being discovered by the shot.—(Copyright of "Collier's Weekly.")



anchuria. As the Army advances the Telegraph Corps ute of advance.—(Copyright of "Collier's Weekly.")

KING'S INITIALS ON GREAT PYRAMID



The King's initials, "A. E.," which his Majesty cut on the top of the Great Pyramid during his visit to Egypt. His Majesty's were the first initials cut on the Pyramid.



Mr. Steyn, ex-President of the late Orange Free State, now the Orange River Colony, who is shortly to return to South Africa for the benefit of his health.—(Fuik, The Hague.)

MAGICAL "CLOTHES-BRUSH."



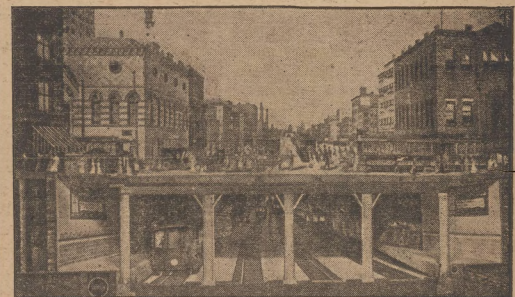
The latest device for cleaning clothes — a vacuum cleaner — which is guaranteed to take every particle of dust and dirt out of a man's clothing. Here you see it at work at the Wilton Hotel, Victoria, where it has been installed by the enterprising proprietor.

FRENCH HORSE FOR NEWMARKET.



M. Edmond Blanc's two-year-old colt, Jardy, by Flying Fox—Airs and Graces. He left his training quarters at La Foulleuse for Newmarket, where he will run in the Middle Park Plate to-morrow.

WHEN LONDON IS LIKE THIS.



New York's underground tramways. The first step in constructing a shallow underground tramway system for London is nearing completion at Aldwych, and soon the whole metropolis may be connected up by this means of rapid transit.

OCTOGENARIAN v. NONAGENARIAN.



These two Devonshire boatmen, Ned Gotham, on the right, and Bill Hook, rowed in a race at the Teignmouth Watermen's Regatta. Ned is ninety years of age, and Bill is eighty-seven. The eighty-seven man was the victor.

"A WIFE WITHOUT A SMILE."

Mr. Pinero's Rattling Farce Produced at Wyndham's Last Night.

Some one said once that "a sense of humour is the quality which prevents people from making jokes." Mr. Pinero is clearly of this view.

Seymour Rippingill, the husband of the "wife without a smile," is an incorrigible "humorist." He tells funny stories (or rather stories which are meant to be funny). He roars over his own tiny witcidisms. He loves the "dying pig," and can sit and watch its inflated gutta-percha body die away with a discordant squeak for hours together.

His friends tolerate him. The only person who doesn't smile at his antics is his wife—his second wife, for his first venture into matrimony was unfortunate. It led up to the case of "Rippingill v. Rippingill, Bowen, Fletcher, Hedderwick, and Rideout," with the result of a decree nisi and Seymour's second attempt at matrimony.

The question is how to make Avis Rippingill smile. In despair he consults his friends. One of them advises a sudden shock—"such a shock as would result from the news abruptly communicated of some heavy calamity."

Rippingill: Trumped up?
Pullinger: Obviously; so that the sensation of relief which ensued—
Rippingill (incredulously): Would do the job. Ah, my dear Jack!
Pullinger: Might do it; I don't vouch for it. But I defend the logic underlying the theory. Misfortune—deliverance; rain—sunshine.
Rippingill: Floods of tears—shrieks of meriment. For example, if I were to get myself thrown out of my dogcart—?
Pullinger: Certainly.
Rippingill: Or your automobile?
Pullinger: Yes.
Rippingill: With you as chauffeur, that could easily be managed, Jack.

Tragic Forgetfulness.

The shock, however, does not, in the event, have to be arranged or invented at all. It is supplied by Rippingill's sudden recollection of the fact that he has forgotten to have his divorce decree made absolute. Avis is not his wife. He is still married to the heroine of "Rippingill v. Rippingill, Bowen, Fletcher, Hedderwick, and Rideout."

How will Avis bear this blow? How can she be told? That is what baws Rippingill's mercurial spirit to the earth. Gently, considerably, he and his friends convey the terrible news to her. Does she faint? Does she scream? Does she denounce her supposed husband in an outburst of indignant passion?

No; she simply smiles. At last, she smiles. She is evidently genuinely amused. Curtain, and end of Act II.

Act III. reveals the secret of her smile. The prospect of escaping from her husband fills her with exultation.

Avis: You may crack as many of your little jokes now as you choose, Seymour; I don't care. But, oh—I'll be absolutely candid with you—the tortures I have endured these last two months!

Rippingill: Tortures?
Avis: What did you use to bore that hole in the ceiling?

Rippingill: A ginnet.
Avis: You goose, you could have done it with one of your funny stories.

To explain how matters are settled would be like trying to disentangle the thread of a spider's web. Gossamer-like fables of this kind must not be dissected. In cold blood reason rebels against two people, who have for two months supposed themselves to be man and wife, each getting engaged to someone else and then breaking off their engagements and deciding to lead to their original contract, all in the space of a single morning.

Acted with a light and merry touch by skilful players, it is a different thing altogether. You accept anything the author likes, to offer you for the sake of the laughter he provokes.

Chances for Clover Players.

Fortunately Mr. Pinero has a cast just suited to the irresponsible character of this piece, which he wrote between two serious plays as a recreation for himself as well as for his audiences.

Mr. Henry Kemble as Pullinger is very well suited with the really funny part of a man who is chock full of useless information, and who insists on his friends listening to him. Miss Lettice Firling, at the most inopportune times. Miss Marie Illing gets plenty of fun out of the character of a widow who enjoys her freedom from the marriage tie—until there is a chance of becoming a wife again.

Mr. Dion Boucicault is the "funny man," and very funny he makes him. He could hardly have a daintier wife than pretty Miss Lettice Firling, even though she will not be amused by his jokes. Mr. Lowne and one of Mrs. Kendal's daughters—Miss Dorothy Grimston—fill up gaps entertainingly as a spoony, newly-married couple.

It is pretty safe to prophesy that "A Wife Without a Smile" will never have to face an audience without a smile. It ought to keep London laughing for quite a long time.

PLAGUEING THE P.O.

Strange Addresses Which Officials Take a Pride in Deciphering.

A few days ago a letter arrived at the Liverpool Post Office addressed to—

"Mr. —, — Hotel,
Land of Undiscovered Crime."

The officials soon found out that it was meant for some one in Birkenhead. The Post Office prides itself on its ingenuity in deciphering odd addresses. For long ago Miss Edna May duly received one with nothing upon it but her portrait roughly sketched and the one word England below it.

It must have been more difficult to find the destination of this:—

"Please deliver to hairdresser's shop, has stuffed birds in the window. I don't know his name or he name of the street."

A plan of the street and of an adjacent pier followed. It was a pity that, after being so explicit, the sender did not see fit to name the town; but he did not, and it was only through the chance of an official recognising his native street that the letter reached its destination—Douglas, in the Isle of Man.

One forlorn person, who had forgotten his mother's address at the seaside, sent her a letter addressed thus:—

"Mrs. —, Wearing a Bear Boa,
Violet Flowers in Bonnet,
Promenade (mornings),
Brighton."

A pathetic confidence was once received by the Postmaster of Portsmouth. It read as follows:—

Dear Sir,—I am troubling you by asking you a favour. I have an uncle named William Goddard, a tailor; he has cork legs. Will you forward enclosed to him? I do not know address; he lived once in Mile End aside of a chapel opposite a hotel and butcher's shop at top of street at the bottom is narrow near a tramway—and so on, through many ramblings.

A lady who had written to a French servant from an English hotel, which advertised its attractions on its note-paper, received a reply addressed:—

"Miss —, — Hotel;
Open all the year round,
Hydraulic Lift."

No matter how eccentrically you may address a letter, it is the proud boast of the Post Office that sooner or later it "gets there all the same."

PORT AND SHERRY COLOUR.

Modern Fashion Names Colours After Its Favourite Foods and Drinks.

A Wesleyan organ has been pointing out the undesirability of talking about "champagne colour" dresses. It evidently fears an extension of the idea of naming colours after strong drinks.

"Whiskey colour, port colour sherry-brown, now that sherry is in fashion again, and crème de menthe green may all be expected. If we have claret-colour and café-au-lait, why not carry the notion further?"

We take plenty of colour-names from foods already. We have "onion" and "mushroom" as the newest shades, expressing an epicurean taste, since no cooking is perfect without these vegetables. We have carrot, tomato, and beetroot reds; we have sage and olive greens; orange and lemon shades of yellow; delicate tints of peach, apricot, and crushed strawberry.

To this may be added such shades as biscuit colour, plum colour, oyster-white, and apple-green.

It would be a boon to many a hostess if people wore clothes emblematic of their favourite foods and drinks. She would see at a glance that a woman dressed in mushroom-brown, with an olive-green waist belt, preferred dainty cooking and light wines. A man with a beetroot-red tie would obviously appreciate a solid lunch off a joint and a stodgy pudding; possibly beer would not come amiss.

Vegetarians, of course, would confine themselves solely to tints expressive of the vegetable world.

THE OWNERSHIP OF VESUVIUS.

The story of the strangest quarrel the world has ever seen comes from Italy. It is nothing less than a struggle between four little towns for the possession of Vesuvius.

These little places are Resina, Torre Greco, Boscore Case, and Ottajano. Resina owned the volcano in the past, and thirty years ago erected landmarks limiting the area of its possessions, but successive eruptions swept away these stones and they had to be re-erected quite recently. Then the authorities of the other places intervened.

At first sight there may not seem to be much advantage in owning a volcano, but the successful town probably intends to charge a small fee to tourists who inspect its treasure. Another point about which the successful town would do well to have a legal ruling is whether it could be held responsible for damage done by its volcano.

"THE GARDEN OF ALLAH."

A Novel Which Will Take a Place in English Literature.

THE GARDEN OF ALLAH. By Robert Hichens. (Methuen. 6s.) Published to-day.

This is the most remarkable novel which has appeared for many a long day. Both in aim and achievement it surpasses anything Mr. Hichens has ever done before.

Its one fault is that there is too much of it. Now and then one gets a trifle impatient over his insistence upon the fascinations of the sun-baked desert or his analysis of a woman's heart. But then, both hearts and deserts are actually a little boring at times. So, perhaps, Mr. Hichens means us to be impatient now and then.

The problem the author proposes to us is this. If a woman, a devout Roman Catholic, finds that the man she has married, and with whom she is desperately in love, has been a monk for twenty years, has run away from his monastery, and has married her in defiance of his most solemn vows of celibacy and devotion to God—what would this woman do?

According to Mr. Hichens, she would urge him to own himself a repentant sinner, and to take up his old monastic life again. "Isn't this world, she says, 'a shadow in comparison to the world where we are going, you and I? Boris, I think, if we are brave now, we shall be together in that world. But if we are cowards now, I think, I am sure, that in that world—the real world—we shall be separated for ever.' And (still addressing to Mr. Hichens) she would persuade him that this is the only thing to do.

It is not exactly a "happy ending" then that he gives us. We leave the passionate lover at the door of his monastery about to take up again his life of passive silence and unceasing lonely toil (for he belongs to the Trappists, the most severe of all the orders) with no hope of ever seeing again in this world the woman who is everything to him.

Yet so convincing is Mr. Hichens's presentation of the man's character that we feel sure he will really believe himself to be happier serving God in this fashion than loving his wife. There is a strong spiritual element in Mr. Hichens's nature. It comes out very strongly here and lifts this book far above the run of novels written primarily for profit and read merely in order to pass away the time.

As for the pictures of the great African desert which are conjured up for us—for all the store of passages either on the green edge or amid the burning sands of the Sahara—they leave a deep, and what we believe will be a lasting, impression upon the mind. If it were only for these vivid, burning pictures, "The Garden of Allah" (which is what the desert is called, because there one cannot help but pray) would be a book among a thousand.

WIRELESS TELEPHONES.

Marvellous Electrical Development That Is Now Well in Sight.

A series of experiments have recently been concluded by an electrical expert in Monmouthshire which show that a wireless telephone seems to be following closely upon the heels of the wireless telegraph.

It sounds more wonderful than anything that has gone before, but there is every hope of such a possibility being realised at an early date. For the conveyance of sounds over long distances there would be no necessity to increase the voice. The inventor, however, would discard the ordinary ear receiver now in use, and employ a small instrument of quite another kind.

Besides the reception of verbal messages the apparatus would permit of the sounds transmitted and received being registered on a specially prepared phonograph cylinder, which could be preserved for further reference.

There does not seem to be any limit to the possibilities of distance to be covered. Verbal intercommunication ought to be quite possible between Great Britain and Paris, Berlin, Constantinople, New York, San Francisco, and Melbourne without the aid of wires or cables. Experiments have not gone as yet to such lengths. But the results of trials which have been already made, starting from one mile and going up to five and then to ten, show a steady improvement from start to finish.

ARE THEY REALLY HUNGRY?

While there is clearly need for some feeding of Board school children at the public cost, it is equally clear that great care must be taken only to feed those whose parents are really in want and unable to provide meals.

A South London Board school manager who visited the homes of some forty children who were being fed at school gives the "Times" this account of his experiences: "The results of my visits are most astonishing. We struck off about three-quarters of the names at once. Not that I did not find much that was amiss in these homes. Cleanliness, decency, ventilation, were often lacking—but not usually food.

"It was frequently improper food, sometimes extravagant food, often badly prepared and served anyhow, but it was struck with the amount of it, and more struck with the waste.

THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

COUNTRY-HOUSE TIPS.

If it was not for the tips from guests I do not know how some of your "best people" would get servants at all.

I have a keeper now who was formerly in the service of a noble family. They had no shooting to speak of, but they always used to get a lot of rich snobs down to shoot in the autumn simply in order that the keeper might be tipped.

This saved them paying him any wages to speak of. I pay him decently, and don't allow him to take tips.

A NATURALISED ENGLISHMAN.

(From U.S.A.).

ESCAPED THE BLIGHT.

With reference to your interesting notes about Mr. Henry Wood, the conductor at Queen's Hall, it is incorrect to state that his musical education was carried out at the Royal Academy of Music. He was only at the Royal Academy of Music for one term, and is otherwise entirely self-educated, musically.

I think it only right to point this out, as Mr. Wood is an exceptionally interesting example of a man who owes nothing to schools of music, of which the hidebound traditions and blighting influences would without doubt have had an adverse effect on his peculiarly keen musical temperament.

S. F. H.

Whitehall Court, S.W.

"POOH-BAH AT PONTYPRIDD."

Under this heading you state that the Trades Council are going to try and induce Mr. Roberts, the highly respected president of the Shop Assistants' Union, to close the warehouse of which he is manager at an earlier hour.

I hope you will give this the same publicity, when I say that my council know nothing of the matter officially. The shop assistants have a first-class district council in Wales, and this matter comes within their province, and not ours.

W. H. HARRIS, Secretary,
Pontypridd and District Trades and Labour Council.

The warehouse of which Mr. Roberts is manager has been in Pontypridd for seven years, and he has managed it for the last four. In that time he has reduced the hours of his assistants thirteen per week.

As a matter of fact, they work less hours and are better paid than any assistants in Pontypridd. The Grove, Pontypridd. W. H. PRICE.



An American view of Mr. Pinero.—(A caricature, by Scotsman Clark, in the "New York Dramatic Mirror.")

A POEM YOU OUGHT TO KNOW.

She walks—the lady of my delight—
A shepherdess of sheep,
Her flocks are thoughts. She keeps them white;
She guards them from the steep,
She feeds them on the fragrant height,
And folds them in her sleep.
She roams maternal hills and bright,
Dark valleys safe and deep;
Her dreams are innocent at night;
The chastest stars may peep.
She walks—the lady of my delight—
A shepherdess of sheep.
She holds her little thoughts in sight,
Though gay they run and leap,
She is so circumspect and right;
She has her soul to keep.
She walks—the lady of my delight—
A shepherdess of sheep.

Alice Meynell.

TILL THE DEAD SPEAK.

By META SIMMINS, Author of "The Bishop's Wife."

CHAPTER XXII.

The Fifth Circle of Paradise.

"What are you stoppin' for?" demanded Tilly, in a husky whisper.

"The music!" replied Hilda, in a dated voice, "the music!"

"What of it? They're at their evening prayers, the black devils!" Prayers. Even in the whisper there breathed a world of concentrated contempt.

"At their evening prayers," repeated Hilda. She clutched her companion's arm. "Don't mind me," she said. "Lead me on, quickly, quickly, out of this evil place."

Thus admonished, Tilly made a cautious move. She caught Hilda round the waist, supported, dragged, pushed her. The door leading from the flagged hall which, it had seemed to Hilda, must give access to the street, the open air, the blessed free air of Heaven, proved after all to lead merely to another of the interminable passages with which the house seemed honeycombed. They tiptoed along it, still pursued like Stephano and Trinculo, by invisible music, music which thrilled Hilda's every nerve, made her heart beat suffocatingly, stupefied her.

She stopped again.

"Ere, 'ow am I goin' to get you out of this, if you keep stoppin' like this?" demanded Matilda. She caught her hand, releasing the waist. "Come on, come on!" she urged.

Hilda moved on slowly.

"Are we near the end, near the door?" she breathed. Oh, for the air, the wind, to sweep away these cobwebs, this mist which was once more gathering round her brain.

"Yes, yes. Hurry up! They'll be out directly," responded Matilda. Her piercing whisper was hardly consistent with secrecy, but Hilda did not notice this. She gripped the hand of her guide, and with the other groped before her, as a blind woman might have done.

Now they moved down some ladder-like stairs. There was a new taste in the air, the taste of freshness, the soft balm of the evening. Overhead—had she but looked Hilda would have seen the pale face of a star, as it shimmered inquiringly through the ill-fitting, badly-joined boards of a temporary ceiling. Through another door, along another passage, still with the music in attendance—would this never end? And now the wailing of the pipes grew louder, more insistent, the tap of the drums more rhythmic, marked measured bars. The mist in Hilda's brain deepened, yet hope upheld her—acted as a counter-charm to the call, the wail of the pipes. Before her she saw a door with bolts, a letter-box, the unclosed iron rivetings which disfigure the inside of a common front door.

"Is this it at last?" she asked.

Tilly nodded. She released Hilda's hand, undid the bolts with a fine show of caution, then drew back. "You go first," she whispered. You've got them shoes to slip on. Oh, go h'on!"

She drew the door ajar, and gave Hilda an impatient push. The girl stumbled forward, taken unawares by the blow. A blaze of light assailed her unaccustomed eyes, the shoes clattered her and there from her hand. Behind she heard the door close with a dull thud.

Her naked feet once more trod uncovered boards. She was conscious of a blaze of music, a continuous clasp of palm to palm, a blaze of light which blinded her.

With a low moan, suppressed by her woman's pride, Hilda crept against the wall, her heart aching with the knowledge that once more she had been betrayed.

There was a burst of brazen laughter, expectant laughter. The sound cut Hilda like the lash of a whip. Any sound, after the continuous hours of silence which she had endured, would have rung harshly on her brain. But this. She put up her moist, burning hands and tried to cover her face with them. Like the hands of Elic Deans during the ordeal of the Court, they were ineffectual for the purpose. They hid the light, the sandal arena, the rough platform, the boarded walls with their many peepholes from poor Hilda herself. They did not hide Hilda from the multiplied peeping Toms with whom the walls were honeycombed. They saw her confusion, rejoiced in it—it was not part of this new and gorgeous entertainment which

the proprietors of "The Fifth Circle of Paradise" had devised for their pleasure.

The patrons were waiting with eagerness for the show to begin. So much as they saw whetted their appetite; they saw before them on the primitive stage a girl lightly clad. Hilda, crouching, trembling, bereft of her cloak, covering her poor, blushing face with hot hands.

The ignorant knew that this was a Nautch girl from their programmes; the travelled in many instances had seen the real thing.

But in the mind of all the habitués of the "Fifth Circle of Paradise" this low place of entertainment into which Hilda had been decoyed, there was but one desire—to see of what stuff this dark-haired, slender girl, who simulated coyness so delightfully, was made.

There must have been a dozen men squatting on their heels, playing those melancholy pipes, a dozen men beating those insistent drums. Hilda through her interlaced fingers saw them; their blue, turbaned heads, their deftly-moving brown fingers, their brown, bare arms and legs, against which the white line of the tunics they wore cut with a severe distinctness. But there were only two, they were multiplied and multiplied yet again in many mirrors as she herself was, had she but known it.

She struck back against the rough, boarded wall, and tried to stop her ears, to shut out that terrible, insistent call to some emotion of which she was not mistress.

The spectators, seeing in this but the dramatic beginning of the dance, applauded loudly, waiting impatiently for the more picturesque portion to begin. They did not know that Hilda, as she crouched there, was praying, praying to the God who had made her and the Saviour who had redeemed her—aye, and in her frenzy invoking the mediation of the mother who had been a woman, even as she was—to save her. But in vain.

The music called to the madness in her mind. She caught at the rough bench, at the wall, with ineffectual, groping hands; the strange instinct over which she had no possible control called her to the centre of this metric platform, with its uneven boards, its flaring footlights—smoking and evil-smelling.

Then, as in the silent, empty room, from which she had made so hopeless an escape, she began the mystical dance, the wild play of arms and body, the rhythmic stamp of feet, the chant, the invocation in the language she had no conscious memory of. Oh, it was terrible, terrible! Now it was no imagined clasp of palm to palm she heard, no imagined watching and glowing eyes she saw. Mad applause rang in her ears, giving voice to approval which was insult to her. Strange, shrill voices, in many tongues, called out appreciation.

And all the time she was conscious of herself, more conscious than she had been in the silence of her prison. Conscious of Hilda Maxwell, the girl who had been; conscious of the old life, the love and affection of the Padre, the courtship of Robert Ferris, the unspoken admiration of the neo-do-well, who had sacrificed himself for her.

She looked about her in vain for pity, for one pure face. All around her the arena of the circus-like place, boarded up to the height of the gods, where the sopping gallery was, showed the secret peepholes which were no secret, each small, square box holding a face—white, brown, sallow, black, yellow; eyes of all colours, eyes of all shapes, of all sizes; yet all eyes animated by the same horrible appreciation.

On and on, faster and faster. The drums beat, the pipes wailed. Would to Heaven that this were indeed a dance of death!

CHAPTER XXIII.

Concerning Remorse and Robert Ferris.

Mrs. Raycroft looked across the dinner-table at Robert Ferris. Her face was flushed, her eyebrows were drawn together in an unmistakable frown.

"My dear Robert," she said, in a voice betraying suppressed anger, "I think if you will permit me to say so, your attention to that decanter of brandy is too assiduous. The practice of drinking spirits before the coffee is a most obnoxious one."

Robert Ferris looked at her over the rim of his glass. His face also was flushed, but not with anger. The clearness of his blue eyes was clouded; before they had held a certain power in their curious impassivity; now they were merely bluely opaque, dead.

"My dear Myra," he said, in exactly the same tone as she had used, "I think if you will permit me to say so, there is no more admirable occupation for a woman than minding her own business. Indeed, I may go further, and with all deference add, that not one woman out of ten is qualified to advise a man concerning his palate, and that you are not—the tenth woman."

With that, he recharged his glass, added obscurely little water, held it towards her, and bowed as one who proposes a toast.

She shrugged her shoulders.

"Precisely as you wish, mon ami," she said

lightly. "I have stretched out my hand many times to save you from many pitfalls, but really—no grows old, and now—" she made a little gesture with her hand—"why should I interfere? You are at perfect liberty to go to the dogs in your own sweet and particular way."

He waved her a graceful thanks, and leaning his elbows on the table, looked keenly at her. The sight of her beauty was perhaps too familiar to rouse any special admiration in him, yet some dormant, artistic proclivity in his nature was stirred by the sight of her to-night. Myra's blending of colour was always so admirable. She knew the limitations with which her hair bound her, and eschewed those barbaric contrasts by which women of her kind are apt to pain the eye, even while they rivet the attention. To-night her gown, a gradation of flame colour, toned in many shades to the colour of the hair itself. The warm tinge of her superb shoulders and bust added a pleasant and harmonious note to the whole. She was very beautiful and very unhappy and remarkably angry also, he knew that.

"Poor Myra," he said. He was not drunk, but there was a distinct buskiness in his tone. His head was not altogether clear, but it was clear enough to desire to wound and torment this woman who had given up everything—counted the world well lost, for his sake. "I am tired of my bargain already," he said, "I believe," he said, "you are already tired of your bargain. Such a hard-driven bargain to result in the bringing home of a pig in a poke—or a bear—wouldn't that be better—a bear in a dress suit?"

She rose from the table impatiently with a click and wish of the palleets with which the dress was tightly sewn. "If I am tired of my bargain already," she said, with an effort to retain her temper, "it is because I am a woman who tires of everything and longs for new experiences—and even for me, you must remember, it is always possible to purchase new experiences."

"Is that a threat?" He, too, had stood up. "No, I had forgotten, you are not a woman who threatens, you act. By the way, I saw Methuen in the bar of the Criterion this afternoon. He was asking after you."

She faced him coldly, but his eyes noted the quickened rise and fall of her bosom, a certain little indrawing of the nostrils of her finely chiselled nose.

"You are not going to be friendly with Oswald Methuen again?" she asked.

"No? Why not?"

"Did he do you such a good turn that winter in Heidelberg—when we went back?" she asked.

"Oh, you women never forget anything; you are too vindictive. Why, we were both young then. I daresay I'd have played him the same trick had I had the opportunity."

"And if you had," she replied, in a strained voice, "he would not have forgotten it."

"Perhaps not, perhaps he would. Anyway, what does it matter? I'm going out." He lighted a cigar, not without difficulty, for he spent several matches, and the last one flickered in his trembling fingers.

"Out!" She caught her breath. No, she would not let him see that she cared whether he went or stayed. This last week of renewed intercourse had taught her many things. "How fortunate; I'm glad; I want to write letters this evening. But, for mercy's sake, Robert, she came near him and laid a friendly hand on his shoulder, and put a face she strove to render quizzical near his own, "don't, oh, for your own sake as well as mine, don't take any more of that vile green stuff that makes you see sulphur-coloured imps and black monkeys, and other things that are black and coffee-coloured—mean."

He shook her off with a curse. "Oh, if you are going to play the nursery-maid to me," he said, "I'm off." He banged out of the room and left her where she stood. A moment or two after she heard the banging of the hall door, and later the whistle of the porter for a hansom and the clatter of its departing wheels.

Ferris shouted the address of a well-known Piccadilly restaurant through the trap, and leaned back against the cushions, thankful for the play of the night air against his heated face; but he shut his eyes on the glare and glitter of the street. Somehow, the visions he had taken to seeing lately were less insistent when his eyes were closed. In the crowded panorama of the pavement he was apt to imagine he saw tall, turbaned figures and dusky faces.

The man he had come to meet—Oswald Methuen—was standing in the doorway as the cab drew up. He shouted a greeting to Ferris as the latter descended. He was a tall, slim man, with a lean, long face, and narrow, oblique eyes, which gave an elusive Mongolian touch to his appearance. He wrung Ferris's hand warmly, and this was the only action which would have told an observer that he had been drinking, and that heavily.

"Jove, you're late," he said, in his crisp, even voice. "I thought perhaps the Raycrofts, who bears me a grudge, wouldn't let you come, and, by George, I've got a rippin' spree on for this evening. Rippin'—a place off the Tottenham Court-road." He shrugged his shoulders and linked his arm in Ferris's as he entered the bar. "Such a tale, had it off a sort of mongrel Russian chap I chummed up with this afternoon in the Bodega. Kept by blacks, a regular stunner—stunning name, too; they call it 'The Fifth Circle of Paradise.'"

"But what sort of place is it?" asked Ferris, stupidly.

The other uttered an exclamation of impatience. "Oh, don't you understand; dancin', singin', and all that. He told me they'd a regular stunner of a show on now, an Indian dancing girl, a regular stunner," he reiterated with the aimless repetition of intoxication.

(To be continued.)

THE Berkeley Easy Chair.

DIRECT FROM THE FACTORY
ON EASY TERMS.

2/6

Deposit,
and
Balance

4/-

per month.



Dimensions—Width of Seat, 27 ins.; Depth of Seat, 29 ins.; Height of Back from Seat, 29 ins.

Price 30/-

2/6 Deposit and 4/- Monthly

THIS LUXURIOUS CHAIR is spring stuffed, upholstered, and finished throughout in our own factories, made up in a selection of smart tapestries suitable for any room and can be forwarded, carriage paid (within 100 miles of London), to your door on receipt of 2/6 deposit, which will be refunded if the chair is not approved. We pay the carriage both ways. Mention colour required. No reduction for cash.

Orders executed strictly in relation.

H. J. Searle & Son, Ltd.,
Manufacturing Upholsters,
70, 72, 74, 76, 78, Old Kent Rd. London, S.E.
and 1, 3, 5, 7, Townsend St. (adjoining)

A Wonderful Remedy
for Liver Complaint.

— DR. —

SCOTT'S PILLS

The Best Cure for INDIGESTION,
WIND, NERVOUS DEPRESSION,
GIDDINESS and LOSS of APPETITE

The Safest Family Medicine

WOOD-MILNE
REVOLVING KEEL PADS

COST 1/-, SAVE 10/-

80 Years' increasing British
reputation has proved Page
Woodcock's Pills to be the
safe, sure, and speedy
remedy FOR ALL
STOMACH &
LIVER
TROUBLES
of all
constipation
etc.

Page
Woodcock's
Pills

ON THE "TIMES" INSTALMENTS PLAN.
DIAMOND RINGS, WATCHES, 18ct Gold
Alberts, etc., etc., by easy payments.—Kendal and
Dent, Chronometer and Watch Makers to the Admiralty,
Jewellers, etc., 100, Chesapeake, London. Lists post free.

DOES ONE CHANCE OF MARRIAGE FALL TO EVERY GIRL'S LOT?

WILL YOU BE MINE?

A QUESTION SOME WOMEN NEVER HEAR.

There used to be a pleasant, but rather baseless saying, to the effect that every girl received at least one offer of marriage in the course of her life. That saying has pretty well passed into disuse in the melancholy light of later days, which have made us painfully aware that many and many a girl goes through the whole course of her life without receiving one proposal, however much she might like one.

What can be the reason of this? Circumstances are chiefly to blame. It is not because a girl is plain, or poor, or unattractive. The plainest, poorest, most unattractive girls marry every day. In England, the reason why a certain proportion of old maids must needs exist is because there are not enough husbands to go round; it is impossible for every girl to have a chance when women so greatly outnumber men.

There are other reasons why some women never have an offer. Even with such a minority of men, too many remain old bachelors. It is extraordinary how reluctant Englishmen are becoming to take upon themselves the cares and comforts of married life; the fact is so patent that it makes food for newspaper correspondence almost every day. This being so, women do not get the chance offered

them of becoming wives, even though they may be the most charming and beautiful of their sex.

Certainly, every woman does not have an offer; but it is much less certain that she has not a chance of marrying. The ordinary girl loses heaps and heaps of chances from one of two reasons: she is either so determined not to be placed in the disagreeable position of having to refuse that she will not give a man a chance of offering himself, or she has not the art and tact to encourage a bashful lover to make a declaration.

Lost and Unrecognised Opportunities.

A close observer of human nature once said that if every woman were bent on marrying, and made the most of her opportunities, not one would be left to die an old maid. There is an immense

down the front, while below the knees it shows much width.

The jacket bodice is a very new and interesting feature. It is made with a single-breasted, deep waistcoat of the checked cloth, while the rest of it takes the form of a smart, tightly-fitting, little black velvet jacket, the fronts of which are turned back with black and white moiré revers. The sleeve is a close, coat-fitting model, with a group

having an elaborately embroidered silk or kid vest. Sometimes the fronts are cut rather long, in the form of two tabs or two points, which necessitates the basque portion starting a trifle further back.

Then, again, the little basque shows itself all the way round, and when it is so full that it ripples a smart little touch is given to it by lining it with some rather bright colour. This is the proper course to pursue if the costume is of some dark shade of velvet cloth.

BONNY BABY

And a Happy Mother. Made so by a Good Food.

How our hearts ache when we see a little child suffering. Thousands of fond mothers would willingly bear the pain themselves if only the little ones could be relieved.

The interesting experience of a devoted Nottingham mother is a lesson to others to bear in mind the fact that nine-tenths of the illness of children is caused by improper or undercooked food, and further that drugs will not cure the trouble. A change of diet must be made, and a pure scientifically prepared food like Grape-Nuts used instead.

"My baby, now sixteen months old, has been a poor weakly thing since birth. I gave him the breast until three months ago, but I was so ill myself, and my baby did not thrive, so I weaned him. I tried him first with the bottle, and he would not take to it, so I gave it up and began with spoon food. It is almost impossible to tell you what I have tried, I have had so many different kinds of food, and I have given a great many patent medicines, including cod-liver oil, but nothing seemed to bring him on.

"I was quite disheartened over my child. I had read about Grape-Nuts food, and thought I would try it, although I had very little faith in it doing my baby any good. However, my baby took so ill with diarrhoea and sickness I thought he would die. We had the doctor to him, but he gave very little hope. He ordered him no food and a little lime-water and milk to drink, and that came back immediately in great clots. He went on for over a week like this, and there was nothing left on him—he was a mere frame. I was bewildered, for I thought I should lose him, when I made up my mind to try Grape-Nuts as a last resource without telling the doctor. I got my husband to go to the nearest grocer's and get a packet. I gave him some as soon as I got it. He resisted a bit at first, but I got him to take about half a cup of the liquor. I boiled the milk and poured it over a little of the food, adding a little sugar, and he kept this down, the only thing for a week, and he slept after for three hours. When he woke up I gave him a little more, and he never threw it up after, and the condition of his bowels improved very much. I felt quite delighted with the results, and have continued to use it. I have had three packets, and my baby has made such progress it is almost impossible to describe the change. His flesh is quite firm, and his limbs are three times the thickness. I have no trouble to get him to take it; in fact, he cries for it whenever he sees the packet. I give him the food now along with the liquor. I am taking it myself, and give it to my other children as well. You can make what use you like of this letter for the benefit of other mothers with ailing babies. I shall be pleased to answer any letters."

Name given by Grape-Nuts Co., 66, Shoe-lane, E.C.

In the above case, because diarrhoea was present, boiled milk with the Grape-Nuts was efficacious. Boiled milk is constipating, and in most cases it is better to bring the milk only to the boiling point.

When the baby is too young or weak for solid food, pour boiling water over the Grape-Nuts. This washes down the grape sugar, which is very nourishing. Pour off the liquor and add to it milk, hot or cold, and a little sugar if desired, and feed every hour or so, and remember this is a food for adults as well as children.

Beauty.

For cleansing the skin and preserving it from roughness, chaps, blotches, hard water, cold, wind or fog, **ICILMA FLUOR Cream** is unique, and alone imparts the delicate transparent tints that need no powder. Send 2d stamp for two samples (different scents).

ICILMA CO., Ltd. (Dept. B.), 142, Gray's Inn Rd., W.C.



The coat that fits the back by means of a belt and is left loose in front is a charming model. A very soft pearly-grey cloth is used for this wrap, and an ermine collar and cuffs adorn it.



Feather boas form a potent softener of the tailor-made costume, which has been so uncommon a sight for so long that it is apt to be a little startling in effect without some such frivolous element being introduced. Moreover, the feather boa is warm and comfortable.

of gaugings at the shoulder and a silk cuffband at the wrist.

As the season advances velvet becomes more and more conspicuous on the best-modelled frocks and as their complete fabric. A wonderfully soft, pliable chiffon velvet, which can be gauged and pleated and draped to perfection is used for many of the most attractive frocks. Velvet introduced, as in the costume just described, is a specially nice way of using this lovely fabric, but there is simply no end to the myriad ways in which velvet is used as a trimming. It is combined with kid and with fur; it forms the background for separate motifs of lace, and as an appliqué appears in most attractive forms.

Next to the velvet and velveteens, exquisite glossy, smooth-faced cloths are well in request, and cashmere is reassuming its vogue of popularity. As to the length of the jackets made, they are either of the three-quarter measurement and tightly-fitting, made with a double or single breasted waistcoat, or they are made in the basque coat style,

amount of truth in this, and it is certain that if a woman fully recognised her powers, she would less often be heard bewailing her lot, as one to whom the chance of marriage had never come. It is quite certain that every woman living has, or has had, at least one chance of marrying, whether known to herself or not. That she may never have had the offer made her is a very different matter. If she had recognised her chance, and availed herself of it, the proposal would certainly have been made.

Possible Husbands Missed.

Most hopeless, apparently, is the case of the girl—and there are many such—who seems never to meet a marriageable man. Perhaps she can count on the fingers of one hand all the men of suitable age, means, and position whom she has ever known. But does she never consider how many men she knows whom she passes over as ciphers in the matrimonial market, and never thinks it possible to regard as possible husbands at all? She has missed her opportunities as surely as the girl who haunts every man, until at last no man cares to make matrimonial advances to her. It would seem as if, though every woman does not actually receive a proposal, each one has a chance of marriage, though she may quite easily miss it.

FABRICS AND GOWNS.

JACKET BODICE AS A FASCINATION.

Whether worn as separate garments or as a corsage, coat effects are to be the vogue right through the winter season, and as long as the weather is mild enough for outer wraps to be unnecessary, coat corsages will be more modish than actual coats. For example, a most successful frock is fashioned of black and white check cloth, decked with a fairly large black dot. The skirt is a circular model, plain on the hips and with a seam



This new jacket, which has a very full skirt and basque, makes a very pretty background for a handsome fur collar. As the model is somewhat severe in appearance, a lace stock and jabot should be worn with it.

Fels-Naptha

coaxes dirt out. Which is better than rubbing it out; and easier.

Better for you and the clothes.

Fels-Naptha 39 Wilson street London E C

BUN MAKING MADE EASY

Exquisitely flavoured Lemon, Almond, and Vanilla Buns and Cakes can be made with certain success by the most unskilled person by using **Eiffel Tower Bun Flour**. Its simplicity and success are alike remarkable. Children easily make delicious Buns with a 1d. or 3d. packet of

Eiffel Tower BUN FLOUR



A Nutritive Substance is not always a Digestible one.

Specimen bottle with pamphlet, "The Feeding of Infants and Growing Children," sent free on application.

Mellin's Food

Mellin's Food, Ltd.,
Peckham, London, S.E.

however is both, and has become the Standard, because it is Real Food—a food that Feeds.

MALTICO

"The Food of Nations"

SPECIAL OFFER TO MOTHERS, INVALIDS, & AGED PERSONS.

Believing it will eventually benefit our trade by convincing the public as to the great benefits derived by using MALTICO as an article of food for every day, we have decided to send every person who has bought a bottle of the 8-oz. size for the first time, at their chemist or dealer, the sum of 1/6 which they paid for same.

WHAT TO DO.

Go to your Chemist or dealer and ask him to supply you with an 8-oz. bottle of MALTICO, 1/6; return us the outside wrapper, stating your opinion of this great food; we will then refund you the price paid. This offer is only available for a limited time, as it must be obvious to everyone such a great expense could not be maintained indefinitely.

CAUTION.—There are many foods at present on the market, but only one "MALTICO." If your chemist or dealer does not stock it, ask him to get it for you at once; you will thus make sure of having the only genuine article, and the trouble will be amply repaid by the satisfaction you will receive.

DON'T LET YOUR CHILD DIE.

Dr. EDWARD MALIN says:—"Eighty to eighty-five per cent. of children are born healthy; why, then, is the rate of infant mortality so high?" The answer is because the choice of food is altogether wrong. "MALTICO" will nourish and sustain and build up the constitution.

SPECIAL FREE OFFER.

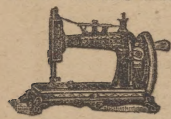
Write us a postcard and we will send you a copy of our new book telling all about the welfare of young children and invalids. The title of this extremely useful book is "A Maker of Nations." It is full of useful information and should be in every home. None should neglect this opportunity.

SEND TO-DAY
CERTAIN.

The MALTICO FOOD CO.,
No. 13 Kingston Cross,
PORTSMOUTH.

LADIES! DO NOT FAIL

to send at once for design showing exact size of
W. J. HARRIS & Co.'s
unrivalled DEFIANCE LOOKSTITCH SEWING
MACHINE. Works by hand or treadle. Four
Years' Warranty with each Machine.



PRICE 45/-,
COMPLETE.
Less 5/- for Cash.
The cheapest, most perfect, and easiest to learn in the market. Sent to any part on easy terms.
5/- PER MONTH.
Full Particulars post free.

W. J. HARRIS & CO., Ltd.,
51, RYE-LANE, PECKHAM, LONDON, and Branches.

PETS, LIVE STOCK, AND VEHICLES.

TWELVE Gold and Silver Fish sent any distance for 1s. 2d. or for 6s. we will include an elegant model Aquarium, containing a picturesque coral grove overgrown with verdant water-weed; unobtainable elsewhere under 10s. 6d.—Gay's Royal Fisheries, 35, Waterloo Bridge-road, London, S.W.

CRAWCOUR

HOUSE
FURNISHER,
Cash and Credit.
ESTABLISHED 1810.

FURNITURE OF HIGH
GRADE AT
MODERATE PRICES.
EXCEPTIONAL VALUE.
Monthly or
Quarterly Payments.
CRAWCOUR & CO.,
176, Tottenham Court Rd.,
London, W.

FREE.



Our latest Price List of Genuine Barmah, sent post free, together with A BEAUTIFUL, BECAUSE GOLD-CASED EXPANDING RING (warranted best English make), on receipt of seven penny stamps. The ring fits any finger, and the heart in centre is fitted with a fine imitation diamond, the complete design being very stylish and fashionable. A really charming present for any lady. You will be delighted. Sent to-day. **THE JEWELLER** (No. 6, King Dept.), 3, Red Lion Court, Fleet St., London, E.C.

MOTORS AND CYCLES.

BARGAIN.—Gent's 12-guinea Coventry Cycle, new machine, scarcely ridden; free wheel, plated rims, Dunlop licensed tyres, two rim brakes, accessories; approval; cash wanted; 25 1/2—Gibson's, 52, Pettman-road, Clapham-road.

From the moment you buy a packet until the last flake is cooked you have

Quaker Oats Economy!

More nourishment, more real strength and vitality than from any other food.

More porridge, better porridge, a richer nutty flavour.

Even the empty packet means economy too.

Thousands know about our Consumers' Benefit Plan, and save money—do you?



See Circular in every Packet.

An Important Matter!

Take the health question in hand whilst there is still a balance in your favour, and on the first signs of failing strength or discomfort avail yourself of

BEECHAM'S PILLS

for this splendid specific will gently but surely restore the stomach to its full vigour, give renewed energy to the

Nervous System, Cleanse the Bowels and Liver,

and although the cost of BEECHAM'S PILLS is so trifling, this medicine, on account of its efficacy and general utility, has achieved the proud reputation of being

WORTH A GUINEA A BOX.

Prepared only by **THOMAS BEECHAM, St. Helens, Lancs**

ZOX Cures Neuralgia

The illustration presents in the prominent lines the nerve of the fifth branch, which are most liable to the attack of Neuralgia. After suffer will be glad to know of ZOX, a simple and sure remedy, certified free from injurious substances by Dr. A. B. Griffiths. The Proprietors of the remedy offer to send two free sample ZOX Powders to any reader of the Daily Mirror who will send stamped addressed envelope. ZOX POWDERS can be obtained on requisition, 2/6 or upwards received as under: 2s. 6d. a box, or post free from the **ZOX CO., 11, Hatton Garden, London, E.C.**

THE CHARGING CROSS BANK. Est. 1870.
119 and 120, Bishopsgate-st., Within, E.C. 1 London.
Assets, £297,790. Liabilities, £288,680. Surplus, £12,110. 24 per cent. allowed on current account balances. Deposits of £10 or upwards received as under: Subject to 3 months' notice of withdrawal 5 p.c. per ann.
Special terms for longer periods. Interest paid quarterly. The Terminal Deposit Bonds pay nearly 9 per cent., and are a safe investment. Write or call for prospectus.
A. WILLIAMS and H. J. TALL, Joint Managers.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

BORD'S Pianos.—25 per cent. discount for cash, or 14s. 6d. per month; second-hand pianos, short horizontal grands, from 55s.; upright grands, 17s. 6d.; cottages, 10s. 6d. to 15s. per month on the 3 years system. **O. Stiles and Co., 74 and 76, Southampton-row, London, W.C.** Pianos exchanged.

PIANO.—Upright grand; nearly new; sacrifice £15.—8, Letterstone-rd., Dares-rd., Fulham.

PIANOFORTE.—Lady must sell magnificent 66-guinea upright grand drawing-room Piano, on massive brass sound-board, fitted with grand repeater action; handsome Marqueterie panel, with carved pillars; nearly new; maker's 20 years' warranty transferred; take £15 15s.; sent on approval for seven clear days; carriage paid both ways if not approved.—G. 231, Burdett-rd., Bow, London, E.

PIANOS! ORGANS!—Shenstone's great record sale; 1,000 must be cleared at once; great opportunity for provincial and other buyers; Post-free frame pianofortes from 12 to 60 guineas, from 8s. monthly; no deposit; 10 years' warranty; chance of a lifetime; 220, Old-st., City-rd., E.C. 1; Dalton-lane, opp. Junction; 162, Edgware-rd., E.C. 1; Newington-butts, S.E. 2; 238, High-rd., Leyton, E.; 202, High-st. North, East Ham; 9, Chamber-laine Wood-rd., Kensal-rd., N.W.; Wagner House, 127, East-hill, Wandsworth, S.W.

Other Small Advertisements on pages 2 and 16.

N.B.—Particulars of any Stocks, Shares, Life Policies or Reversions or other Securities intended for Sale by Auction, should be sent immediately, and, if approved, will be offered FREE OF CHARGE, unless actually disposed of.

Daily Bargains.

NOTICE.—When replying to advertisements addressed to the "Daily Mirror" Office, a remittance should be enclosed in the first instance.

Dress.

A A.A.—Credit tailoring; suits, 34s.; overcoats, 30s.; 2 terms, 5s. monthly; patterns, 1s. 6d.; please call—Wittam Tailoring Company, 231, Old-st., E.C.

A A.—9s. PARCEL.—UNDERLINING.—8 Ladies' chemises; 2 knickers; petticoats; 3 beautiful nightdresses, 6d.; approval.—Mrs. Scott, 231, Old-st., E.C.

A BARGAIN.—Underclothing, 10s. 6d.; 3 chemises; 2 knickers; 2 petticoats; 3 lovely nightdresses, 10s. 6d.—Eva, 49, Union-st., E.C.

A COMFORTABLE Combination.—Your old boots fitted with arch supports, 3s. 6d.—The Red, Bootmaker, 75, Leadenhall-st.

A FREE dainty sample Handkerchief, with illustrated list; send stamp.—British Linen Company, Oxford-st., London.

A LOVELY Marabout Feather Stole, 80in. long, 6 rows; very rich, handsome; worth 25s.; select 13s.; approval.—Hilda, 21, St. Clement-st., Chorlton-cum-Hardy.

A MANUFACTURER'S Parcel.—Horsehoes; longcloth; 2 trimmed fine Torchon; full sizes; carriage paid; 2 knickers, 1 chemise, 2s. 9d.; Horsehoes; flannellet; 1 nightdress, chemise, knickers, 7s. 6d.;—Harry Mason, 53, Sumner-rd., Croydon.

A WARM Overcoat for 15s.; call, select cloth, and be measured; worth 40s.; or, 25s.; 12s. 6d.; approval; sample coats or write for patterns.—Apply Workshops, Beach, 5, Exchange-court, Ludgate-hill, E.C.

A WONDERFUL Offer.—Ladies' Flannellette Nightdresses, 2 chemises, knickers, and Petticoat, 5s. 6d.; carriage paid.—Brown, Manufacturer, 35, Sandpiper-rd., Kingsland, London.

A BABY'S Complete Outfit, 19s. 6d.; postage 6d.; lovely robe, etc.; catalogue free.—Baker, Broomby and Co., 7, Voluntary-hill, Ludgate-hill, E.C.

A BEATFUL White Remnant Parcel; 1s. 3d.; damasks, linens, dispoers, fancy muslins.—Beatall, Rushden.

A BEAUTIFUL Baby Clothes Set—50 articles, exquisitely made; bargain 21s.; approval.—Mrs. Max, 16, The Chase, Nottingham.

A LOUISSE.—Leading autumn designs, made to ladies' sizes 4s.; 4s. 6d.; 5s.; 6s.; 7s.; 8s.; 9s.; 10s.; 11s.; 12s.; 13s.; 14s.; 15s.; 16s.; 17s.; 18s.; 19s.; 20s.; 21s.; 22s.; 23s.; 24s.; 25s.; 26s.; 27s.; 28s.; 29s.; 30s.; 31s.; 32s.; 33s.; 34s.; 35s.; 36s.; 37s.; 38s.; 39s.; 40s.; 41s.; 42s.; 43s.; 44s.; 45s.; 46s.; 47s.; 48s.; 49s.; 50s.; 51s.; 52s.; 53s.; 54s.; 55s.; 56s.; 57s.; 58s.; 59s.; 60s.; 61s.; 62s.; 63s.; 64s.; 65s.; 66s.; 67s.; 68s.; 69s.; 70s.; 71s.; 72s.; 73s.; 74s.; 75s.; 76s.; 77s.; 78s.; 79s.; 80s.; 81s.; 82s.; 83s.; 84s.; 85s.; 86s.; 87s.; 88s.; 89s.; 90s.; 91s.; 92s.; 93s.; 94s.; 95s.; 96s.; 97s.; 98s.; 99s.; 100s.; 101s.; 102s.; 103s.; 104s.; 105s.; 106s.; 107s.; 108s.; 109s.; 110s.; 111s.; 112s.; 113s.; 114s.; 115s.; 116s.; 117s.; 118s.; 119s.; 120s.; 121s.; 122s.; 123s.; 124s.; 125s.; 126s.; 127s.; 128s.; 129s.; 130s.; 131s.; 132s.; 133s.; 134s.; 135s.; 136s.; 137s.; 138s.; 139s.; 140s.; 141s.; 142s.; 143s.; 144s.; 145s.; 146s.; 147s.; 148s.; 149s.; 150s.; 151s.; 152s.; 153s.; 154s.; 155s.; 156s.; 157s.; 158s.; 159s.; 160s.; 161s.; 162s.; 163s.; 164s.; 165s.; 166s.; 167s.; 168s.; 169s.; 170s.; 171s.; 172s.; 173s.; 174s.; 175s.; 176s.; 177s.; 178s.; 179s.; 180s.; 181s.; 182s.; 183s.; 184s.; 185s.; 186s.; 187s.; 188s.; 189s.; 190s.; 191s.; 192s.; 193s.; 194s.; 195s.; 196s.; 197s.; 198s.; 199s.; 200s.; 201s.; 202s.; 203s.; 204s.; 205s.; 206s.; 207s.; 208s.; 209s.; 210s.; 211s.; 212s.; 213s.; 214s.; 215s.; 216s.; 217s.; 218s.; 219s.; 220s.; 221s.; 222s.; 223s.; 224s.; 225s.; 226s.; 227s.; 228s.; 229s.; 230s.; 231s.; 232s.; 233s.; 234s.; 235s.; 236s.; 237s.; 238s.; 239s.; 240s.; 241s.; 242s.; 243s.; 244s.; 245s.; 246s.; 247s.; 248s.; 249s.; 250s.; 251s.; 252s.; 253s.; 254s.; 255s.; 256s.; 257s.; 258s.; 259s.; 260s.; 261s.; 262s.; 263s.; 264s.; 265s.; 266s.; 267s.; 268s.; 269s.; 270s.; 271s.; 272s.; 273s.; 274s.; 275s.; 276s.; 277s.; 278s.; 279s.; 280s.; 281s.; 282s.; 283s.; 284s.; 285s.; 286s.; 287s.; 288s.; 289s.; 290s.; 291s.; 292s.; 293s.; 294s.; 295s.; 296s.; 297s.; 298s.; 299s.; 300s.; 301s.; 302s.; 303s.; 304s.; 305s.; 306s.; 307s.; 308s.; 309s.; 310s.; 311s.; 312s.; 313s.; 314s.; 315s.; 316s.; 317s.; 318s.; 319s.; 320s.; 321s.; 322s.; 323s.; 324s.; 325s.; 326s.; 327s.; 328s.; 329s.; 330s.; 331s.; 332s.; 333s.; 334s.; 335s.; 336s.; 337s.; 338s.; 339s.; 340s.; 341s.; 342s.; 343s.; 344s.; 345s.; 346s.; 347s.; 348s.; 349s.; 350s.; 351s.; 352s.; 353s.; 354s.; 355s.; 356s.; 357s.; 358s.; 359s.; 360s.; 361s.; 362s.; 363s.; 364s.; 365s.; 366s.; 367s.; 368s.; 369s.; 370s.; 371s.; 372s.; 373s.; 374s.; 375s.; 376s.; 377s.; 378s.; 379s.; 380s.; 381s.; 382s.; 383s.; 384s.; 385s.; 386s.; 387s.; 388s.; 389s.; 390s.; 391s.; 392s.; 393s.; 394s.; 395s.; 396s.; 397s.; 398s.; 399s.; 400s.; 401s.; 402s.; 403s.; 404s.; 405s.; 406s.; 407s.; 408s.; 409s.; 410s.; 411s.; 412s.; 413s.; 414s.; 415s.; 416s.; 417s.; 418s.; 419s.; 420s.; 421s.; 422s.; 423s.; 424s.; 425s.; 426s.; 427s.; 428s.; 429s.; 430s.; 431s.; 432s.; 433s.; 434s.; 435s.; 436s.; 437s.; 438s.; 439s.; 440s.; 441s.; 442s.; 443s.; 444s.; 445s.; 446s.; 447s.; 448s.; 449s.; 450s.; 451s.; 452s.; 453s.; 454s.; 455s.; 456s.; 457s.; 458s.; 459s.; 460s.; 461s.; 462s.; 463s.; 464s.; 465s.; 466s.; 467s.; 468s.; 469s.; 470s.; 471s.; 472s.; 473s.; 474s.; 475s.; 476s.; 477s.; 478s.; 479s.; 480s.; 481s.; 482s.; 483s.; 484s.; 485s.; 486s.; 487s.; 488s.; 489s.; 490s.; 491s.; 492s.; 493s.; 494s.; 495s.; 496s.; 497s.; 498s.; 499s.; 500s.; 501s.; 502s.; 503s.; 504s.; 505s.; 506s.; 507s.; 508s.; 509s.; 510s.; 511s.; 512s.; 513s.; 514s.; 515s.; 516s.; 517s.; 518s.; 519s.; 520s.; 521s.; 522s.; 523s.; 524s.; 525s.; 526s.; 527s.; 528s.; 529s.; 530s.; 531s.; 532s.; 533s.; 534s.; 535s.; 536s.; 537s.; 538s.; 539s.; 540s.; 541s.; 542s.; 543s.; 544s.; 545s.; 546s.; 547s.; 548s.; 549s.; 550s.; 551s.; 552s.; 553s.; 554s.; 555s.; 556s.; 557s.; 558s.; 559s.; 560s.; 561s.; 562s.; 563s.; 564s.; 565s.; 566s.; 567s.; 568s.; 569s.; 570s.; 571s.; 572s.; 573s.; 574s.; 575s.; 576s.; 577s.; 578s.; 579s.; 580s.; 581s.; 582s.; 583s.; 584s.; 585s.; 586s.; 587s.; 588s.; 589s.; 590s.; 591s.; 592s.; 593s.; 594s.; 595s.; 596s.; 597s.; 598s.; 599s.; 600s.; 601s.; 602s.; 603s.; 604s.; 605s.; 606s.; 607s.; 608s.; 609s.; 610s.; 611s.; 612s.; 613s.; 614s.; 615s.; 616s.; 617s.; 618s.; 619s.; 620s.; 621s.; 622s.; 623s.; 624s.; 625s.; 626s.; 627s.; 628s.; 629s.; 630s.; 631s.; 632s.; 633s.; 634s.; 635s.; 636s.; 637s.; 638s.; 639s.; 640s.; 641s.; 642s.; 643s.; 644s.; 645s.; 646s.; 647s.; 648s.; 649s.; 650s.; 651s.; 652s.; 653s.; 654s.; 655s.; 656s.; 657s.; 658s.; 659s.; 660s.; 661s.; 662s.; 663s.; 664s.; 665s.; 666s.; 667s.; 668s.; 669s.; 670s.; 671s.; 672s.; 673s.; 674s.; 675s.; 676s.; 677s.; 678s.; 679s.; 680s.; 681s.; 682s.; 683s.; 684s.; 685s.; 686s.; 687s.; 688s.; 689s.; 690s.; 691s.; 692s.; 693s.; 694s.; 695s.; 696s.; 697s.; 698s.; 699s.; 700s.; 701s.; 702s.; 703s.; 704s.; 705s.; 706s.; 707s.; 708s.; 709s.; 710s.; 711s.; 712s.; 713s.; 714s.; 715s.; 716s.; 717s.; 718s.; 719s.; 720s.; 721s.; 722s.; 723s.; 724s.; 725s.; 726s.; 727s.; 728s.; 729s.; 730s.; 731s.; 732s.; 733s.; 734s.; 735s.; 736s.; 737s.; 738s.; 739s.; 740s.; 741s.; 742s.; 743s.; 744s.; 745s.; 746s.; 747s.; 748s.; 749s.; 750s.; 751s.; 752s.; 753s.; 754s.; 755s.; 756s.; 757s.; 758s.; 759s.; 760s.; 761s.; 762s.; 763s.; 764s.; 765s.; 766s.; 767s.; 768s.; 769s.; 770s.; 771s.; 772s.; 773s.; 774s.; 775s.; 776s.; 777s.; 778s.; 779s.; 780s.; 781s.; 782s.; 783s.; 784s.; 785s.; 786s.; 787s.; 788s.; 789s.; 790s.; 791s.; 792s.; 793s.; 794s.; 795s.; 796s.; 797s.; 798s.; 799s.; 800s.; 801s.; 802s.; 803s.; 804s.; 805s.; 806s.; 807s.; 808s.; 809s.; 810s.; 811s.; 812s.; 813s.; 814s.; 815s.; 816s.; 817s.; 818s.; 819s.; 820s.; 821s.; 822s.; 823s.; 824s.; 825s.; 826s.; 827s.; 828s.; 829s.; 830s.; 831s.; 832s.; 833s.; 834s.; 835s.; 836s.; 837s.; 838s.; 839s.; 840s.; 841s.; 842s.; 843s.; 844s.; 845s.; 846s.; 847s.; 848s.; 849s.; 850s.; 851s.; 852s.; 853s.; 854s.; 855s.; 856s.; 857s.; 858s.; 859s.; 860s.; 861s.; 862s.; 863s.; 864s.; 865s.; 866s.; 867s.; 868s.; 869s.; 870s.; 871s.; 872s.; 873s.; 874s.; 875s.; 876s.; 877s.; 878s.; 879s.; 880s.; 881s.; 882s.; 883s.; 884s.; 885s.; 886s.; 887s.; 888s.; 889s.; 890s.; 891s.; 892s.; 893s.; 894s.; 895s.; 896s.; 897s.; 898s.; 899s.; 900s.; 901s.; 902s.; 903s.; 904s.; 905s.; 906s.; 907s.; 908s.; 909s.; 910s.; 911s.; 912s.; 913s.; 914s.; 915s.; 916s.; 917s.; 918s.; 919s.; 920s.; 921s.; 922s.; 923s.; 924s.; 925s.; 926s.; 927s.; 928s.; 929s.; 930s.; 931s.; 932s.; 933s.; 934s.; 935s.; 936s.; 937s.; 938s.; 939s.; 940s.; 941s.; 942s.; 943s.; 944s.; 945s.; 946s.; 947s.; 948s.; 949s.; 950s.; 951s.; 952s.; 953s.; 954s.; 955s.; 956s.; 957s.; 958s.; 959s.; 960s.; 961s.; 962s.; 963s.; 964s.; 965s.; 966s.; 967s.; 968s.; 969s.; 970s.; 971s.; 972s.; 973s.; 974s.; 975s.; 976s.; 977s.; 978s.; 979s.; 980s.; 981s.; 982s.; 983s.; 984s.; 985s.; 986s.; 987s.; 988s.; 989s.; 990s.; 991s.; 992s.; 993s.; 994s.; 995s.; 996s.; 997s.; 998s.; 999s.; 1000s.; 1001s.; 1002s.; 1003s.; 1004s.; 1005s.; 1006s.; 1007s.; 1008s.; 1009s.; 1010s.; 1011s.; 1012s.; 1013s.; 1014s.; 1015s.; 1016s.; 1017s.; 1018s.; 1019s.; 1020s.; 1021s.; 1022s.; 1023s.; 1024s.; 1025s.; 1026s.; 1027s.; 1028s.; 1029s.; 1030s.; 1031s.; 1032s.; 1033s.; 1034s.; 1035s.; 1036s.; 1037s.; 1038s.; 1039s.; 1040s.; 1041s.; 1042s.; 1043s.; 1044s.; 1045s.; 1046s.; 1047s.; 1048s.; 1049s.; 1050s.; 1051s.; 1052s.; 1053s.; 1054s.; 1055s.; 1056s.; 1057s.; 1058s.; 1059s.; 1060s.; 1061s.; 1062s.; 1063s.; 1064s.; 1065s.; 1066s.; 1067s.; 1068s.; 1069s.; 1070s.; 1071s.; 1072s.; 1073s.; 1074s.; 1075s.; 1076s.; 1077s.; 1078s.; 1079s.; 1080s.; 1081s.; 1082s.; 1083s.; 1084s.; 1085s.; 1086s.; 1087s.; 1088s.; 1089s.; 1090s.; 1091s.; 1092s.; 1093s.; 1094s.; 1095s.; 1096s.; 1097s.; 1098s.; 1099s.; 1100s.; 1101s.; 1102s.; 1103s.; 1104s.; 1105s.; 1106s.; 1107s.; 1108s.; 1109s.; 1110s.; 1111s.; 1112s.; 1113s.; 1114s.; 1115s.; 1116s.; 1117s.; 1118s.; 1119s.; 1120s.; 1121s.; 1122s.; 1123s.; 1124s.; 1125s.; 1126s.; 1127s.; 1128s.; 1129s.; 1130s.; 1131s.; 1132s.; 1133s.; 1134s.; 1135s.; 1136s.; 1137s.; 1138s.; 1139s.; 1140s.; 1141s.; 1142s.; 1143s.; 1144s.; 1145s.; 1146s.; 1147s.; 1148s.; 1149s.; 1150s.; 1151s.; 1152s.; 1153s.; 1154s.; 1155s.; 1156s.; 1157s.; 1158s.; 1159s.; 1160s.; 1161s.; 1162s.; 1163s.; 1164s.; 1165s.; 1166s.; 1167s.; 1168s.; 1169s.; 1170s.; 1171s.; 1172s.; 1173s.; 1174s.; 1175s.; 1176s.; 1177s.; 1178s.; 1179s.; 1180s.; 1181s.; 1182s.; 1183s.; 1184s.; 1185s.; 1186s.; 1187s.; 1188s.; 1189s.; 1190s.; 1191s.; 1192s.; 1193s.; 1194s.; 1195s.; 1196s.; 1197s.; 1198s.; 1199s.; 1200s.; 1201s.; 1202s.; 1203s.; 1204s.; 1205s.; 1206s.; 1207s.; 1208s.; 1209s.; 1210s.; 1211s.; 1212s.; 1213s.; 1214s.; 1215s.; 1216s.; 1217s.; 1218s.; 1219s.; 1220s.; 1221s.; 1222s.; 1223s.; 1224s.; 1225s.; 1226s.; 1227s.; 1228s.; 1229s.; 1230s.; 1231s.; 1232s.; 1233s.; 1234s.; 1235s.; 1236s.; 1237s.; 1238s.; 1239s.; 1240s.; 1241s.; 1242s.; 1243s.; 1244s.; 1245s.; 1246s.; 1247s.; 1248s.; 1249s.; 1250s.; 1251s.; 1252s.; 1253s.; 1254s.; 1255s.; 1256s.; 1257s.; 1258s.; 1259s.; 1260s.; 1261s.; 1262s.; 1263s.; 1264s.; 1265s.; 1266s.; 1267s.; 1268s.; 1269s.; 1270s.; 1271s.; 1272s.; 1273s.; 1274s.; 1275s.; 1276s.; 1277s.; 1278s.; 1279s.; 1280s.; 1281s.; 1282s.; 1283s.; 1284s.; 1285s.; 1286s.; 1287s.; 1288s.; 1289s.; 1290s.; 1291s.; 1292s.; 1293s.; 1294s.; 1295s.; 1296s.; 1297s.; 1298s.; 1299s.; 1300s.; 1301s.; 1302s.; 1303s.; 1304s.; 1305s.; 1306s.; 1307s.; 1308s.; 1309s.; 1310s.; 1311s.; 1312s.; 1313s.; 1314s.; 1315s.; 1316s.; 1317s.; 1318s.; 1319s.; 1320s.; 1321s.; 1322s.; 1323s.; 1324s.; 1325s.; 1326s.; 1327s.; 1328s.; 1329s.; 1330s.; 1331s.; 1332s.; 1333s.; 1334s.; 1335s.; 1336s.; 1337s.; 1338s.; 1339s.; 1340s.; 1341s.; 1342s.; 1343s.; 1344s.; 1345s.; 1346s.; 1347s.; 1348s.; 1349s.; 1350s.; 1351s.; 1352s.; 1353s.; 1354s.; 1355s.; 1356s.; 1357s.; 1358s.; 1359s.; 1360s.; 1361s.; 1362s.; 1363s.; 1364s.; 1365s.; 1366s.; 1367s.; 1368s.; 1369s.; 1370s.; 1371s.; 1372s.; 1373s.; 1374s.; 1375s.; 1376s.; 1377s.; 1378s.; 1379s.; 1380s.; 1381s.; 1382s.; 1383s.; 1384s.; 1385s.; 1386s.; 1387s.; 1388s.; 1389s.; 1390s.; 1391s.; 1392s.; 1393s.; 1394s.; 1395s.; 1396s.; 1397s.; 1398s.; 1399s.; 1400s.; 1401s.; 1402s.; 1403s.; 1404s.; 1405s.; 1406s.; 1407s.; 1408s.; 1409s.; 1410s.; 1411s.; 1412s.; 1413s.; 1414s.; 1415s.; 1416s.; 1417s.; 1418s.; 1419s.; 1420s.; 1421s.; 1422s.; 1423s.; 1424s.; 1425s.; 1426s.; 1427s.; 1428s.; 1429s.; 1430s.; 1431s.; 1432s.; 1433s.; 1434s.; 1435s.; 1436s.; 1437s.; 1438s.; 1439s.; 1440s.; 1441s.; 1442s.; 1443s.; 1444s.; 1445s.; 1446s.; 1447s.; 1448s.; 1449s.; 1450s.; 1451s.; 1452s.; 1453s.; 1454s.; 1455s.; 1456s.; 1457s.; 1458s.; 1459s.; 1460s.; 1461s.; 1462s.; 1463s.; 1464s.; 1465s.; 1466s.; 1467s.; 1468s.; 1469s.; 1470s.; 1471s.; 1472s.; 1473s.; 1474s.; 1475s.; 1476s.; 1477s.; 1478s.; 1479s.; 1480s.; 1481s.; 1482s.; 1483s.; 1484s.; 1485s.; 1486s.; 1487s.; 1488s.; 1489s.; 1490s.; 1491s.; 1492s.; 1493s.; 1494s.; 1495s.; 1496s.; 1497s.; 1498s.; 1499s.; 1500s.; 1501s.; 1502s.; 1503s.; 1504s.; 1505s.; 1506s.; 1507s.; 1508s.; 1509s.; 1510s.; 1511s.; 1512s.; 1513s.; 1514s.; 1515s.; 1516s.; 1517s.; 1518s.; 1519s.; 1520s.; 1521s.; 1522s.; 1523s.; 1524s.; 1525s.; 1526s.; 1527s.; 1528s.; 1529s.; 1530s.; 1531s.; 1532s.; 1533s.; 1534s.; 1535s.; 1536s.; 1537s.; 1538s.; 1539s.; 1540s.; 1541s.; 1542s.; 1543s.; 1544s.; 1545s.; 1546s.; 1547s.; 1548s.; 1549s.; 1550s.; 1551s.; 1552s.; 1553s.; 1554s.; 1555s.; 1556s.; 1557s.; 1558s.; 1559s.; 1560s.; 1561s.; 1562s.; 1563s.; 1564s.; 1565s.; 1566s.; 1567s.; 1568s.; 1569s.; 1570s.; 1571s.; 1572s.; 1573s.; 1574s.; 1575s.; 1576s.; 1577s.; 1578s.; 1579s.; 1580s.; 1581s.; 1582s.; 1583s.; 1584s.; 1585s.; 1586s.; 1587s.; 1588s.; 1589s.; 1590s.; 1591s.; 1592s.; 1593s.; 1594s.; 1595s.; 1596s.; 1597s.; 1598s.; 1599s.; 1600s.; 1601s.; 1602s.; 1603s.; 1604s.; 1605s.; 1606s.; 1607s.; 1608s.; 1609s.; 1610s.; 1611s.; 1612s.; 1613s.; 1614s.; 1615s.; 1616s.; 1617s.; 1618s.; 1619s.; 1620s.; 1621s.; 1622s.; 1623s.; 1624s.; 1625s.; 1626s.; 1627s.; 1628s.; 1629s.; 1630s.; 1631s.; 1632s.; 1633s.; 1634s.; 1635s.; 1636s.; 1637s.; 1638s.; 1639s.; 1640s.; 1641s.; 1642s.; 1643s.; 1644s.; 1645s.; 1646s.; 1647s.; 1648s.; 1649s.; 1650s.; 1651s.; 1652s.; 1653s.; 1654s.; 1655s.; 1656s.; 1657s.; 1658s.; 1659s.; 1660s.; 1661s.; 1662s.; 1663s.; 1664s.; 1665s.; 1666s.; 1667s.; 1668s.; 1669s.; 1670s.; 1671s.; 1672s.; 1673s.; 1674s.; 1675s.; 1676s.; 1677s.; 1678s.; 1679s.; 1680s.; 1681s.; 1682s.; 1683s.; 1684s.; 1685s.; 1686s.; 1687s.; 1688s.; 1689s.; 1690s.; 1691s.; 1692s.; 1693s.; 1694s.; 1695s.; 1696s.; 1697s.; 1698s.; 1699s.; 1700s.; 1701s.; 1702s.; 1703s.; 1704s.; 1705s.; 1706s.; 1707s.; 1708s.; 1709s.; 1710s.; 1711s.; 1712s.; 1713s.; 1714s.; 1715s.; 1716s.; 1717s.; 1718s.; 1719s.; 1720s.; 1721s.; 1722s.; 1723s.; 1724s.; 1725s.; 1726s.; 1727s.; 1728s.; 1729s.; 1730s.; 1731s.; 1732s.; 1733s.; 1734s.; 1735s.; 1736s